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JANINE
PATRIOT OF THE UNDERGROUND

LUMUMBA

A Biography

ROBIN McKOWN

Introduction by Herbert F. Weiss

Doubleday & Company, Inc.
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-ROBIN McKOWN

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INTRODUCTION

Patrice Lumumba's place in African history is in several ways unique. Few leaders rose to international prominence so rapidly and so dramatically. The passions he aroused—among both his supporters and his detractors—were probably unrivaled by any other leader. To some he was the ideal of a nationalist hero; to others he was a cruel, unprincipled opportunist. The crisis through which the Democratic Republic of the Congo passed when he was its Prime Minister not only changed the course of its history, but also that of all Africa and even the whole world.

Lumumba first achieved prominence by leading the largest Congolese nationalist political party and then, in June 1960, becoming the country's first Prime Minister. Unlike many other African leaders who took up the reigns of government after their countries achieved independence, Lumumba had not been able to forge a single and united nationalist movement. There were over fifteen significant political parties in the Congo, and their leaders were naturally in competition with one another. Thus, in order to obtain a vote of confidence from the newly elected parliament Lumumba had to make many compromises and to take leaders of many other parties into his cabinet. All this meant, that, although he was the outstanding leader, he did not have, nor could he expect to have, complete authority or tight control over political affairs during the difficult early days of independence.

But the problems Lumumba faced in parliament and in the cabinet were small when compared with the mutiny which broke out among the soldiers of the Congolese army only a few days after independence was proclaimed. In

quick succession, this was followed by a complete breakdown of public security, the rapid departure of most of the white residents of the Congo, the return of Belgian troops, serious attempts at secession by some of the most wealthy regions of the country, massive interference in the Congo's internal affairs by foreign powers, and finally the arrival of the United Nations "police force."

In the countryside the mutinous troops molested the civilian population (both black and white), looted and destroyed property, and threatened to reduce the country to a state of total chaos. In many places civil administration broke down, and in some, rival ethnic or political factions fought each other, resulting in considerable casualties.

Looking back, it seems absurd that anyone expected Lumumba and the other leaders of the Congo Government to find a way which would rapidly put the whole situation right. He was caught between forces he could not control. At first he tried to order the soldiers to return to discipline. When this not only did not work but caused many of them to look upon him as an opponent, he tried to appease them by giving promotions and sending white officers home. When the Belgian troops returned, he tried to rally nationalist discipline, but at the same time he entered into negotiations with Belgian representatives for a temporary presence of Belgian troops so that order could be restored. The Congo Government also invited the United Nations to send troops to the Congo so that order could be re-established and so that the national unity could be preserved. But in the summer of 1960 the UN did little to counteract the secession of Katanga and other regions. When his appeals to the West and to the UN for *effective* help to end secession went unheard, Lumumba tried to obtain help from other African states and from the Soviet Union. But this in turn gained him little more than the distrust and opposition of Western states who throughout this period maintained a great deal of influence in the Congo.

On another level, one of Lumumba's greatest handicaps was the fact that even in the face of all these problems the Congolese were not really united. Personality conflicts and ideological conflicts among the leaders, ethnic and regional divisions, meant that Lumumba had to worry as much about patching up the unity of his government as about mutiny, order, secession, and foreign interference.

These stresses soon created a rift between Lumumba and President Kasavubu, and the result was that he was dismissed as Prime Minister in September, a little over two months after he had attained that position. For a while he contested this decision, but the political situation both inside the Congo and internationally turned more and more against him. In the end his personal safety was increasingly threatened in Leopoldville (today Kinshasa) and he, therefore, tried to escape to the northeast of the country where his strongest support has always been located. In a sequence of events full of drama and pathos he was caught and imprisoned by the Congolese army and later turned over to his worst enemies and put to death.

One of the strange things about Lumumba's career is how he has been pictured in different parts of the world. In the West, he has the reputation of having been something of a "devil." There are probably two reasons for this. First, he was, as he said himself, willing to deal with anyone, and when this included the Soviet Union it gained him the usual antagonism. But this alone does not go anywhere near enough to explaining the really passionate anger he aroused. The second reason may be more important. Up to 1960, up to the Congo's achievement of independence, the African nationalist movement had developed and gained its objectives, with few exceptions, in a generally orderly and peaceful, even friendly, manner. Then came the Congo with its chaos and a Prime Minister who, despite his frequent powerlessness, was unwilling to let the UN or other outside forces take over the leadership of the country. He was blamed for

the chaos and for not taking "good advice." Later, the world began to understand that when a society goes through a crisis like the one which had occurred in the Congo it takes more than the proper orders by its leaders to put things right again. Some of Lumumba's successors took a lot of advice, and some of them were positively pro-Western, but conditions in the Congo were often worse than they were under Lumumba. There were times when the army harassed more civilians, there was more chaos and fighting, and there was more bloodshed. Furthermore, in other parts of Africa many of the problems which the Congo faced in its first days of independence later made their appearance and it was seen that other leaders were also hard put to deal with them. Thus, those who followed Lumumba received a far more sympathetic hearing, were treated with more sympathy, than he had been.

Robin McKown's biography of Lumumba has performed a double service. First, here is a comprehensive Western study which is sympathetic to Lumumba. This is something which needed to be done. Second, it is the only complete biography of Lumumba presently in existence. The latter part of his life has of course been discussed in many places, but Robin McKown has also researched the early period, which is important if one is to start understanding this extraordinary man. No doubt Lumumba will remain a controversial figure, but his book will hopefully help to balance what is known and thought about him.

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THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF THE CONGO 1960



Cities renamed since Independence

KINSHASA, formerly Leopoldville
 LUBUMBASHI, formerly ELISABETHVILLE
 KISANGANI, formerly Stanleyville
 WANGATA, formerly COQUILHATVILLE

CONGO BACKDROP

The Congo has made me. I shall make the Congo.

— LUMUMBA

The Democratic Republic of the Congo is more than three times the size of Texas and nearly eighty times the size of Belgium, which controlled its destiny for over seventy-five years.

Within its boundaries are jungles, snowy peaks, volcanic mountains, enormous lakes, deep grottoes, and weird savanna landscapes of anthills and baobab trees. The Congo River, with its tributaries, lays a mesh of waterways across the land. This river of fiction and legend, 2700 miles long and shaped like a giant question mark, begins as a tiny stream in the south-central African highlands, flows north over rapids and waterfalls and through grassy savannas and woodlands, arcs westward, moves with a wide and majestic flow through green equatorial forests, and turns into a wild and raging torrent as it cuts into the Crystal Mountains on the last lap of its journey to the Atlantic Ocean.

In the fertile Congolese soil flourish fruit trees and plants from far parts of the world—coconut palms and breadfruit trees from Oceania; potatoes, corn, peanuts, red peppers, pineapples from South America; rice, bananas, sugar cane, oranges and lemons from Asia; juicy papayas from Mexico. It has been estimated that, with proper cultivation, enough

foodstuff could be raised on the Congo's arable land to feed all of Africa.

The underground wealth of the Congo is fabulous: gold in the mountains of Kivu; industrial diamonds in southern Kasai (more than 75 percent of the world's supply); bauxite, a basic element in aluminum production, in the Lower Congo; and in Katanga in the savanna country, copper, cobalt, uranium, tin, zinc, silver, tungsten, radium, along with lesser-known elements invaluable in modern technology: bismuth, manganese, beryllium, germanium.

For untold millenniums these vast treasures lay hidden, awaiting the skills needed to exploit them. They could have served to build a civilization of unrivaled splendor; instead, they would prove the Congo's curse.

Patrice Lumumba was born in the Congo and grew up in it. Its often tragic history was his heritage. To understand Lumumba, what he was and what he became, a glimpse at this history is a prerequisite.

There was a time when the Congo belonged wholly to the animal kingdom. Vast herds of elephants roamed across it. Thousands of ungainly hippopotami bathed in the river waters. Leopards, lions, antelope, wild boars, giraffes, cheetahs, zebras, the shy okapi, the white rhinoceros and the black rhinoceros, lived tranquilly or ferociously, in accord with their natures. Gorillas chose haunts in the mountain forests. Monkeys chattered noisily in the trees at the brilliant feathered birds overhead. Butterflies fluttered in clouds of color, their hues matching the pastel shades of marshland flowers. The animals are still in the Congo, though in far lesser numbers; it is definitely no longer their country.

The first known human habitants were the Pygmies—tiny, industrious, cheerful people who dwelt in the rain forests and lived on roots and grubs and whatever else they could find to eat. They shot game with bows and arrows dipped in poison for which they alone knew the antidote. When the food supply gave out in one place, they moved

somewhere else, cleared ground and built new homes from pliable branches and leaves. The Pygmies are still in the Congo too; they have steadfastly resisted all attempts to make them conform to modernity.

The black people, the Bantu, began migrating to the Congo some 2500 years ago. No one knows just why, though there is a theory that they left the Sahara region as it turned into a desert. Among them were Lumumba's ancestors. These black people, who are actually dark brown, make up the majority of the modern Congolese. The Hamites, also dark-skinned, arrived later from the neighborhood of Ethiopia. They include the Batutsi, the tallest people in the world, who settled down on the high eastern rim of the Congo basin.

The immigrants developed the art of forging iron for axes, spears, and hoes. They built homes of strong vines or mud bricks, which they sometimes decorated with handsome geometric patterns. They became farmers, fishermen, and hunters. From the leaves of the raffia palm they wove finely textured cloth, and they made lovely pottery and baskets, purely for utility.

They devised musical instruments and created an incredible variety of dances for religious ceremonials, for war preparations, or for celebrations and pleasure. They carved sculpture which Western experts would one day rank among the world's masterpieces. (Congolese masks and statuettes inspired Picasso and other modern artists.) They invented a drum carved out of a log, called a tom-tom, by which they could talk to neighboring villages. It was their telegraph.

They wore few clothes, for the Congo is a tropical country, but, like Europeans and Americans, they loved personal adornment. This took the form of fine tattoo markings on face and torso, and of war paint. They created an infinite number of elaborate headdresses and headgear, and forged brass necklaces and leg bands, also for beauty.

Their way of living was communal. They divided into tribes; there are some two hundred major ones. Lands were held in common for the benefit of all. Private property was unknown. When disputes between tribes could not be settled by discussion, they fought wars, like people everywhere since time immemorial.

Customs and legends varied from tribe to tribe, with certain similarities. The belief in a supreme being, a life force, was widespread. Men were expected to pay a "bride price" to the parents of their future wives, the opposite of the European dowry. In most tribes it was normal for a man to have several wives. Strict obedience was expected of children. A few tribes were not averse to eating their enemies; indeed, they would denounce as barbarous the European wars where men killed even when they were not hungry.

In time, tribes grouped together to form kingdoms. One of these was the Kingdom of the Kongo, which stretched along Africa's western coast on both sides of the mouth of the Congo River. Late in the fifteenth century, the King of the Kongo received a delegation of the oddest people any Congolese had ever seen. These strangers had light skins and black beards. They wore an astonishing amount of clothing.

The visitors came from Portugal. One of them was Diogo Cão, a navigator who is credited with having discovered the Congo River in 1482. The King of the Kongo and his people were fascinated by the Portuguese. More and more of them came in the next years, bringing marvelous gifts from their homeland. In return, the King ordered their ships to be loaded with ivory and copper, and occasionally with slaves. Missionaries came and taught Christianity, and the King and most of his family were baptized. They learned Portuguese and began to adopt Portuguese customs.

This fine friendship between two nations collapsed slowly. The light-skinned strangers began to demand more and

more slaves. Those not freely given were taken by trickery and treachery. By the late seventeenth century, Portugal had annexed a large area of the former Kingdom of the Kongo south of the Congo River, which they called Angola. Slave-raiding parties ventured far inland, through the Congo districts of Katanga and Kasai. Once populous villages were emptied.

Other nations—England, Spain, Holland, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, France, and the United States—joined in the lucrative West African slave trade. An estimated fifteen million West Africans, Congolese and others, were torn from their homes and shipped overseas, to North and South America, and to the islands of the West Indies. Many more millions died in forced marches and on overcrowded and unsanitary slave ships. Whole regions were left destitute.

Eastern Africa too had its quota of slave traders, chiefly Arabs. The most notorious was Tippu Tib, so called by the Africans to imitate the sound of his gun. Tippu Tib was a master strategist who incited quarrels between villages, gave aid to the victors, and took the population of the conquered as his spoils. He made his victims carry ivory to the coast, then sold them and the ivory. He did a booming business and became enormously rich.

By 1876, Tippu Tib and his raiders had moved far inland to the Lualaba River. Behind them, in the region of Maniema, burned and emptied villages gave testimony to their activities.

The largest and most luxuriously equipped expedition ever to come to Africa passed by Tippu Tib's camp that year. Its commander was the Welsh-born American journalist Henry Morton Stanley. Stanley was celebrated for having found the Scottish missionary-explorer Dr. David Livingstone, at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, and even more famous for his greeting to him: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." Livingstone was dead now. Stanley had decided to carry on his work. He wanted to find out if the Lualaba, which Livingstone

had discovered, led to the Nile, as he hoped, or to the Congo.

Tippu Tib, with his slaves and his harem, accompanied Stanley part of his journey down the Lualaba. They said goodbye to him, Stanley wrote, "with hearts so full of grief that we could not speak." None of the Africans he met inspired such noble sentiments.

The Lualaba led to the Congo River; indeed, they were one and the same. Stanley sailed down it in his 40-foot wooden boat, *Lady Alice*, the first foreigner to do so. When the expedition reached the white settlement of Boma, on August 9, 1877, 173 of Stanley's African porters were dead of disease, starvation, and from various accidents, as were his three white companions. Stanley emerged in the top rank of explorers.

The outside world learned about the Congo through Stanley's eyes in his thick volume *Through the Dark Continent*. The trouble was, his vision was clouded by his obsession with white superiority. In his words, the Africans were "vulgar aborigines," "murderous savages," and "filthy vulturous ghouls." He could not bear the thought that both he and they belonged to the same human race. The poison of his prejudices seeped through to whole generations of his light-skinned readers.

Unintentionally, to be sure, his voyage caused more havoc by opening up new vistas to Tippu Tib and his raiders. By the 1880s they were carrying out their destroy-and-enslave missions in the entire eastern third of what is today the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

In Belgium at this time the strong-willed King Leopold II set his heart on acquiring a colony, as France, England, Holland, and other countries were doing. He decided that, as he put it, the Congo was "a splendid piece of cake!", a dish to be had for the taking. To ward off competitors, he convinced other Western nations that his was a hu-

manitarian mission to abolish the slave trade and make peace between tribes.

He hired Stanley to supervise the building of stations all the way up the Congo as far as Stanleyville, named by the explorer after himself, and to "buy" the land along the left bank from native chieftains—with red handkerchiefs, Dutch gin, and other trinkets.

To King Leopold's chagrin, Stanley was stopped on the right bank by the explorer Savorgnan de Brazza, Italian-born and French by adoption, who got there ahead of him. De Brazza hoisted the French flag on the site which became the town of Brazzaville, the capital of the comparatively small French Congo. The river, fourteen miles wide at this point, separates it from Leopold's Leopoldville.

On April 30, 1885, Leopold II assumed the title of sovereign of the Congo Free State, not in the name of Belgium but in his own name. By persuasion and force he expanded the borders. It took a military campaign to wrest the mineral-rich Katanga from its obstinate ruler, M'Siri, whose resistance was ended in 1891 when he was shot by an officer employed by the Congo Free State named Captain Bodson. The Arabian slave traders were driven back in a war that lasted from 1891 to 1894, supported not by Leopold II, though he got credit for it and profited by it, but through funds raised by the Belgian Anti-Slavery Society.

On the King's command, a railroad was built, through almost solid rock around the falls of the Lower Congo from Matadi, ninety-three miles from the coast, to Leopoldville. At the cost of the lives of 1800 of the African and imported Chinese labor force, it was completed in 1898. It provided a means of export for the two substances which Leopold could turn into ready cash—rubber and ivory.

To hurry production, the King parceled out land to private companies. In return for these concessions, he received both cash and a share of the profits. The companies set up trading posts along the Congo and its tributaries. Each was

manned by company agents reinforced by a guard of Africans recruited, usually by force, from a different region. The task of the agents was to get natives to bring them rubber and ivory. The agents were paid little, but received bonuses for good collections. The King's officer gave them a mandate to use force, if necessary. The excesses to which this system led are portrayed with unforgettable terror in Joseph Conrad's great novel *The Heart of Darkness*.

When the natives failed to meet the large quotas, their villages were burned, their wives and children were seized and held in chains as hostages, and the men were shot or tortured. There were authenticated cases of hands and feet and ears being cut off. Missionaries reported the atrocities to King Leopold, but nothing changed. The British Consul at Boma, Robert Casement, traveled upriver on a tour of inspection and came back with a shocking document, complete with photographs. The scandal spread until, under pressure from the Belgian people, the Belgian Parliament took over the Congo from their king.

Estimates of the Congolese who perished during the twenty-two years Leopold II ruled them, run from three to eight million. Leopold used his enormous profits to build statues and parks and public buildings in Belgium, and to indulge in dissipation. Except for the good works of some of the missionaries, absolutely nothing had been done to improve the lot of the Congolese.

In the more than 300 years since the arrival of the Portuguese, foreigners had brought only misery. The Congolese had every right to regard outsiders with hostility. The amazing thing was that they forgot and forgave so quickly.

In 1908, the Congo Free State officially became the Belgian Congo. The Belgians, talented and industrious, resolved to correct the errors of their king and set out to make the Congo a model colony. They built hospitals, roads, cities, and factories. They encouraged missionaries to establish schools to provide Congolese children with at least

a primary education and to teach them manual skills. They sent agricultural and health experts and established institutes to study tropical diseases. They endowed national parks to protect the animals. To keep order, they recruited an army of Congolese soldiers under Belgian officers, which was called the *Force Publique*.

The administrative head of the Belgian Congo was the Governor General, who ruled with little supervision from the Belgian Parliament. The Congo was divided into six provinces—Leopoldville, which included the city of Leopoldville and the land adjoining Portuguese Angola; Kivu, the beautiful and mountainous eastern region; Équateur on the Equator; Orientale, of which the capital was Stanleyville; Kasai, the land of diamonds; and mineral-rich Katanga.

Each province had its own governor. The provinces were subdivided into districts, each having a district commissioner. Both financial governors and district commissioners were appointed to office by the Governor General. No one in the Congo had the right to vote, not even the Belgian colonists. This rule from the top had the natural weakness that it could only be as just and efficient as the official appointees. Inevitably, there were some who were neither.

As their king had done, the Belgians granted concessions to private industry. *Forminière* had a monopoly on the Kasai diamonds. The UMHK (*Union Minière du Haut Katanga*) controlled the Katanga copper mines along with other valuable minerals of that region. Numerous other companies were given concessions, but these two were the largest. In the tangled skein of high finance, their directors and stockholders included not only Belgians but English, Americans, South Africans, and other nationalities. The Congo Administration was largely supported by taxes and revenues from these mines.

Many Congolese were employed as miners and in other industries. They were provided with company-built houses,

medical insurance, and a host of other social benefits. The company sometimes advanced them money to pay for their brides. However, they were not allowed to form unions or go on strikes. On rare occasions when they rebelled and asked for higher salaries, the Force Publique was brought in and ordered to shoot.

The official attitude of the Belgians toward the Congolese was one of benevolent paternalism. The Congolese were children, to be watched over, trained, formed in their image. "Is there a finer relationship than that which exists between father and child?" asked Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny. It rarely seems to have occurred to their rulers that the Congolese were not children, but adults with culture patterns different from their own. While the Belgian Government took a stand against racial discrimination, within the Congo segregation was the rule almost without exception.

In the Lower Congo, an African named Simon Kimbangu, inspired by Christian Baptist teachings, started a religion for black people, based on love and kindness and the brotherhood of man. Belgium, a Catholic country, had tolerantly permitted Protestant missionaries, but this black sect disturbed the Congo administrators. Then Kimbangu began preaching, "Congo for the Congolese." In 1920, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Patrice Lumumba was born five years after the trial of Simon Kimbangu. He too would say, "Congo for the Congolese." And though the times had changed, the words would have a no less appalling sound in the ears of the authorities.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS

White man, you are my father and my mother.

— *Ritual phrase used by Congolese to their Belgian employers*

The date of Lumumba's birth is the one fact about his early life on which all who have written about him agree. It was July 2, 1925. His full name was Patrice Hémery Lumumba. In the Belgian Congo, French was the official language, and many Congolese took French first names. Patrice (French for "Patrick") was named after the local priest. His second name is sometimes given as "Emery," but he himself signed his letters, "P. H. Lumumba."

His birthplace was Katako Kombe, the seat of a territory of that name in northern Kasai Province. It had a telegraph station, a Protestant mission, a Catholic mission, a mission hospital, orphanage and primary schools, but no electric lights.

Patrice's family did not live in Katako Kombe but in Onalua, some fifty-five miles distant and in the territory of Sankuru, a village so small and insignificant it does not appear on any map. The village chieftain, chosen by a vote of the elders, was likely to be the oldest man in the village. People believed that the more years a man accumulated, the wiser he became. When a chieftain died, he was succeeded by the next oldest villager.

With the village elders, or notables, the chieftain made laws and saw that justice was done. One of the notables was the historian; he could recite the history of the village

back through generations, as he had heard it from his father and grandfather.

Onalua was in savanna country, a region of rolling plains, tall grasses and scattered trees. To the north, within a day's march, were deep forests. Far to the south were the diamonds of southern Kasai, mined and owned by Forminière; people said there were so many that one literally walked on diamonds. There were no mines or other industries around Onalua, in the northern part of the province. People lived much as they had done before the coming of the Europeans.

The houses were rectangular, spaced wide apart along both sides of a broad road. They were made of bricks of mud and straw, with hard-packed mud floors and thatched roofs. Every family kept goats, dogs, ducks, chickens. From early morning to nightfall, there was a bustle of activity. Women molded pottery, did their cooking over open fires, and with their babies tied on their backs went out in the country to gather roots and mushrooms and to fish in nearby ponds. Men did leather work, weaving, made baskets, mats, and fishing nets of raffia. The blacksmith, who forged tools and hatchets and spears, was one of the leading citizens, ranking with the warriors.

The warriors, known as the Ahouki, wore raffia skirts and leopard-skin headdresses, as their ancestors had done. In time of peace their rank was honorary. They were the defenders and protectors of the village. Most of the villagers dressed in shirts, and trousers or shorts, like Europeans. Veterans of the Force Publique, who had done their service and returned home, proudly sported military jackets, caps, and boots. Some women wore "mission dresses," actually plain cotton house dresses, but the majority preferred *pagnes*, wide lengths of cloth printed in bright colors, which they draped around their waists over blouses, and which reached almost to the ground. The *pagne* is not native to Africa but appeared after the missionaries came. It is still the costume of most Congolese women.

Patrice's father, François Tolenga, was a devout Catholic, a simple man who had never learned to read or write. An Italian journalist, Romano Ledda, who met him in 1960 when he was quite old, said of him: "His face bore the marks of poverty, and he had the coarse hands of a man who had hunted for food with bow and arrow."

Hunting was man's work, exclusively. The people of Onalua did it with bows and arrows, or with spears, often with the aid of beaters who rounded up the game with their dogs. They hunted large animals and small ones, antelopes, leopards, jackals, birds, snakes, everything edible, even rats. Before a big hunt, special magic rites were performed by the village sorcerer, to insure success. The spoils of the hunt were shared by the entire village. On this the laws were very rigid, as they were on communal ownership of land.

Men were responsible for cutting down trees and clearing land. Farming was done chiefly by women, though men sometimes lent a hand, as did children. As a young boy, Patrice trotted after his parents along the haphazard trail which led to their plot of land, and helped in the planting, tending, and gathering of cassava, beans, peas, and millet. Rice was gradually replacing and supplementing millet and cassava as a staple item of diet. This grew best in the forest area to the north, as did corn, yams, and banana trees.

Sometimes Patrice and his father took long walks into the surrounding hills. His father taught him the names of the plants and animals, how to make traps, what saplings and vines were best to construct the foundation of huts, and what leaves were most suitable for thatched roofs.

Patrice was one of four brothers. Charles, the oldest, was two years his senior. He later became a merchant in Luabourg, the capital of Kasai Province. Émile, four years younger than Patrice, still lives and farms in Onalua. It was with his youngest brother, Louis, born in 1931, that

Patrice formed the closest ties. Louis would study in an agricultural school, and later, following in Patrice's footsteps, would take up a political career. After independence, he became Minister of Interior Affairs in Orientale Province. Today he lives in Kinshasa (formerly Leopoldville) and serves as president of Air Congo.

Even as a child, Patrice was exceptionally friendly and gregarious. He invented games which he taught to the other village children and was always their leader. He was his father's favorite, though his mother favored Louis, who was more practical. Like the other women of the village, she clung to the ancient superstitions of their tribe.

The tribe of Patrice Lumumba and the people of Onalua was the Tetela. A single member of this tribe was called an Otetela. The plural (several members) was Batetela. To avoid the confusion of these three forms, non-Africans generally use only the plural, Batetela, a practice followed in these pages.

The Batetela were famous as orators and courageous fighters. One of their ancestors, Chief Congo Lutete, joined the Arabs against the Belgian soldiers in the antislavery wars. He was condemned by his own tribe and relatives and executed. Later the warriors who had served under Congo Lutete rose up against the Belgians in what is known as the Revolt of the Batetela, one of the most serious rebellions against Leopold II's Congo Free State.

There were only a couple of hundred thousand Batetela. It was one of the small tribes which formed part of the large Mongo people to the north, occupying most of Équateur Province. Though allied with the Mongo, the Batetela had retained their own customs and language.

The people of Onalua were poor and often underfed, but it would be incorrect to say their existence was dreary. They were warm, friendly, excitable people, bursting with life. Almost every incident in the village was a cause of discussion and argument, long after the event. On festival

days they held ceremonial dances, their musicians beating out rhythms on a trapezoidal wooden gong, the *Lukumbi*. When a baby was born, it was passed from woman to woman with cries of admiration, not for its beauty but for its strength. There were lamentations and mourning for the dead. There were visits back and forth, especially among relatives, of whom Patrice had a large number. In the evenings or on stormy days, the Batetela gathered together to listen to legends told by the old people, or to stories about the past related by the village historian. It was at one of these storytelling sessions that Patrice heard of the soldiers of Leopold II, who had cut off the hands of the natives, when they failed to gather enough ivory or rubber.

The children of Onalua were no doubt aware of the regional Belgian Commissioner, a very important and remote personage, but their first contact with Europeans was through the Catholic mission. The Catholic priests, bearded men in long robes, were usually kindly, and were concerned not only with the spiritual welfare of the Congolese but with their physical well-being. They have been accused of being emissaries of the big mine owners and of preparing the Congolese to become a docile labor force. Though this was inevitably one of the results of their presence, the sincerity of their intentions is beyond question. Some of the priests had arrived in the Congo as very young men when the country was first opened to outsiders by the agents of Leopold II. They had lived in mud huts like the Africans, learned their languages, and studied their customs, all as a prelude to converting them to Christianity. Eventually they built solid-brick mission houses with all the comforts of Western civilization.

The people of Onalua regarded the priests with great respect, bordering on fear. They called them *Munpés*, an African distortion of *mon Père*, my Father. Nearly everyone in the village, even the most superstitious women, considered themselves Catholic Christians.

Patrice was already eleven when he first entered primary school. Though his parents were Catholic, he attended the Protestant Mission School at Wembo Nyama about five miles from Onalua, possibly because it was the nearest school to his home. When in later years he described the problem of adjustment to European schooling, he was probably thinking of himself and his brothers:

The little African boy leaves the paternal roof minus any morsel of European civilization (this is not uniformly true) and goes to school where he has to learn new standards of civilized life which have not been taught to him by his parents in his own home. He is taught to read, to write, and to do arithmetic. By way of education (European style), his masters teach him ideas, which, although sometimes memorized, take no hold on him, because these ideas have no application in practical life. (Parents lead a completely different life and inculcate in the child ideas which are in contradiction with those taught at school.)

Those contradictions certainly did not occur to Patrice at the time. He absorbed, hungrily and eagerly, everything his teachers taught him. On the sand in front of his home, he used a stick to draw letters of the alphabet and then make words of those letters. To his sorrow, he could not study in the evenings. Dusk falls at six-thirty in the tropics, and his family could not afford the luxury of a candle. On the sleeping mat he shared with his brothers, young Patrice lay awake for hours and thought over all the bits of knowledge he had acquired at school. Even then, he needed less sleep than most people.

Through no fault of the teachers, the education in mission schools was usually inadequate. They lacked books, blackboards, pencils, notebooks. Nor did the Belgian Congo Administration encourage high scholastic levels for Congolese children. "The education of the blacks must first and foremost be manual," read an official Belgian publication. "They must be taught the sacred law of work."

In many mission schools one hour a day of book instruction was deemed sufficient. The rest of the time the boys were taught farming, carpentry, and furniture-making, or given exercises. A larger percentage of Congolese children attended primary schools than in most of colonial Africa, but the number who went on to higher education was low by any standard.

By far the majority of the Congolese schoolchildren were boys. The few girls who attended school were taught not in French, as were the boys, but in their tribal languages. They learned a smattering of Congolese history (from the Belgian viewpoint), geography, and Christianity, but the emphasis was almost entirely on household tasks, cooking, sewing, care of babies. That Congolese women had such little opportunity to improve their minds struck Patrice, when he was still a young man, as unfair.

The general feeling in Onalua was that there was little point in sending girls to school. If they were taught by the Catholic sisters, they had to be baptized, and that meant they must have a Christian marriage. Such a marriage carried great prestige, but there were hazards. Native marriages could be dissolved simply by mutual consent. But if a couple was married by a priest, it was a life contract. A woman whose husband ill-treated her could not leave him; she was no better than a slave. "We should be selling our daughters if we allowed them to go to the mission school so as to enter that kind of marriage," the villagers said.

With all the handicaps of primitive family background, lack of a proper place to study or a light to study by, Patrice learned with a rapidity that utterly amazed his teachers. They encouraged him and loaned him their own books, among them religious works and illustrated Bible stories. Patrice related later that when he first saw pictures of the birth of Christ, the manger seemed like a palace to him, and he marveled that poor white people could afford such splendid clothes.

Somewhere in his teens he discovered the French classical writers—Victor Hugo, Molière, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, and Émile Zola. He read avidly, so long as it was light, and often when the light was failing and he had to strain his eyes to continue.

He remembered what he read and thought about it. One day he and another boy got into a fight because the other boy insisted that God was white and did not care for black people. Sometimes his teachers found him too good a student. He asked too many questions—some of which were embarrassing, others simply too difficult for the teachers to answer.

His father was not happy at having him go to a school run by Protestants, whom he considered almost as bad as devils, and arranged for him to board at the Catholic Mission School at Tshumbe Sainte Marie, about sixteen miles from Onalua. Patrice begged to be allowed to finish his primary studies at Wembo Nyama so he could go on to the Protestant Normal School and become a teacher.

Eventually they reached a compromise. His father let him complete his primary studies at Wembo Nyama, which he did in four years. Then he went to the Catholic Mission at Tshumbe Sainte Marie for his secondary, or high-school, education. Little is known of this period of his life. Presumably, he came home for vacations. The school had at least oil lamps, so he could read and study very late. What seems beyond doubt is that his Catholic teachers, like his Protestant ones, took a very personal interest in this exceptionally bright young student and went far beyond the line of duty to give him the benefits of their own knowledge and experience.

"Taking my own case," Patrice Lumumba wrote later, "I have to admit that the fragment of education and social training which I have acquired . . . I owe above all to the practical teaching I received from many European friends,

sympathizers, and teachers . . . who were good enough to guide me further in my education."

In these formative years he acquired an unbounded admiration for the white man's world, for all it symbolized to him in terms of culture, professional skills, material prosperity, and in manners and morals. "The African is a great observer whenever he has the means," he would write fifteen years later. "He quickly imitates everything he sees the Europeans do, looking upon them as his daily pattern."

Life was beautiful for the white people in the Congo in those years. They moved like kings and queens among their loyal and faithful subjects, who looked up to them, tried to emulate them, did their best to please them, and trembled at their frown. With few exceptions, the undercurrents of discontent never rose to the surface.

At the mission of Tshumbe Sainte Marie, there was some talk of letting Patrice take advanced studies in religion so he could enter the priesthood. His father was exultant. To have a priest for a son was an honor so great that he scarcely dared dream of it. But the plan fell through. Whether the Fathers decided he did not have the temperament for a religious life, or whether Patrice himself decided against it, is not certain. It seems likely that the strict discipline of the school began to pall on him. However brilliant his mind, he had all the normal instincts of a healthy young man. He was ambitious and he was very curious about the world outside of Onalua and beyond the confines of the mission schools.

At the age of eighteen, after three years of secondary education, he left Tshumbe Sainte Marie without waiting for a diploma. His destination was the city of Kindu some 140 miles distant. So far as anyone knows, he walked the whole way, stopping overnight at the roadside villages.

ODYSSEY OF A COUNTRY BOY

We are going, we are going,
We are going to plant mango trees on the moon.

—*Congolese song*

Kindu is on the Lualaba, which, though it is technically the upper part of the Congo River, still retains its euphonic African name. Upriver, at Nyangwe, Dr. David Livingstone had watched, horrified, as Arab slave traders fired volley after volley into a market-day crowd of tribespeople, while men, women, and children fled into the water. Later, Henry Morton Stanley had passed by the site of Kindu in the company of these same Arabs, en route to his great discovery.

When Patrice Lumumba reached Kindu, all that was in the past and half-forgotten. It was a peaceful colonial town modeled in the same pattern as larger Belgian Congo cities. Its white population lived in the European section in attractive villas set in tropical gardens. On the outskirts, separated from the Europeans by a sort of no man's land of greenery, lived some 15,000 Africans in rows of company houses for industrial workers and makeshift hovels for those not fortunate enough to have company jobs. On their maps the Belgians labeled these African communes *Centre Extra Coutumier*—literally, and somewhat vaguely, "Extra-traditional Centers."

According to Lumumba's first biographer, Pierre de Vos, he reached town penniless with only the clothes on his

back, a ragged pullover, and trousers held up by a cord. He had no cause to worry. Without difficulty, he located a household of his Batetela tribesmen. By the laws of tribal hospitality, they fed him and gave him a place to sleep.

This was in 1943, when Europe was experiencing the holocaust of World War II. Belgium, the Congo's mother country, was occupied by the Nazis. King Leopold III, grandnephew of Leopold II, was in exile in London. His son and heir apparent, Prince Baudouin, born in 1930, was just thirteen, five years younger than Lumumba. Congolese soldiers of the Force Publique were fighting with Belgium's allies in North Africa and far-distant Asia.

The Congo Administration functioned almost normally. The mining industries, in fact, were flourishing. The Allies required huge quantities of strategic materials which only the Congolese mines could provide. From Katanga came the uranium used to construct the first atomic reactor in Chicago, and the first atomic bombs, which would be dropped over Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan.

Tin was the chief product mined in the region around Kindu. This too was in demand by the Allies. Had Lumumba wanted a miner's job, he would have had no trouble. But with the equivalent of three years of high-school education, he aspired to something better paid, a desk job perhaps. He made the rounds of the business offices, but since he lacked experience or training, he was turned down everywhere.

He did not stay in Kindu long. Someone suggested he try Kalima, about fifty miles east on the other side of the river. Kalima was in the territory of Maniema, which had suffered disastrous raids from the Arabian slavers. Now it was the site of Symétain, one of the largest of the tin-mining companies. Kalima was a small town, with only about 500 whites and 2000 Africans. For their native workers, the company had set up a model community unique in the Belgian Congo. The pretty little stucco houses had

showers and vegetable gardens. There were schools, a sports field, a cultural center, and a hospital. Lumumba found work in the hospital as a nurse's assistant. He lived in one of the company houses, which, compared to the mud huts of Onalua, was magnificent.

There was a great deal of talk around Kalima about the Kitawala sect, a religion for black people like the Kimbanguists in the Lower Congo. The Kitawalists drew their inspiration from a sect of American missionaries known locally as "The Watchtower." It was the belief of the Kitawalists that God was an American. Like the followers of Simon Kimbangu, they were persecuted. Two of their leaders were hanged, and others imprisoned. Lumumba never joined the Kitawalists, but as a result of his contact with its members, he became fascinated with America.

He had no resentment against the strict segregation in living quarters in Kalima. It seemed to him altogether normal that the whites should want to live apart. As he saw them, they were very sedate, very dignified. They did not like to sing and dance and celebrate every occasion, as the Africans did. They had a right not to want to live next door to the noisy Africans, just as the Africans felt more comfortable among their own people, where they could do as they pleased.

Then, as later, Lumumba was attractive to women. He fell in love with a pretty young woman of the Bakusu tribe. They might have married, but her father demanded 20,000 francs as a bride price, prohibitive for a young man earning only 500 francs a month. There were reproaches and tears, and finally she found a white protector who could give her the things Lumumba could not afford. In July 1944, a year after he left school, he quit Kalima and his hospital job and went to Stanleyville.

Stanleyville, at the juncture of the Lualaba and the Upper Congo, was the most important inland port outside of Leopoldville. The European part of town had wide boulevards

lined with palms and mango trees, parks, a large swimming pool, dazzling white commercial buildings, and many handsome villas. Lumumba stayed some distance back of this glamorous city in the African commune of Mangobo, in the household of an old man named Paul Kimbala, who came from Onalua. He called the old man "father" and was treated as a son of the family.

For the first two months he worked as a clerk in the railroad company; then he switched to another clerk's job, slightly better paying, in the office of the provincial government. He learned to type, no one knows just when, and he worked so hard and so conscientiously that his employers were astonished. Belgian colonists, almost without exception, were convinced that Africans were incorrigibly and by nature lazy.

For the first time, Lumumba had a chance to study Europeans who were not missionaries. He admired their cars, their clothes, their air of calm superiority. On their part, the Europeans in his office found this tall, timid youth who had read Voltaire and Rousseau a novelty. They loaned him books and gave him an enormous amount of advice. When visiting officials arrived, they presented him as a rare example of what might be made of a Congolese, if one devoted a little time and trouble. Lumumba learned to flatter them just enough to please without seeming subservient.

He managed to save enough money to buy a bicycle so he could ride to work. In this he was more fortunate than many of his neighbors, who had to walk to their jobs in the European town. The Belgians had provided Mangobo with a library. Lumumba spent all his weekends and evenings there.

Years later a Russian correspondent interviewed Paul Kimbala, with whom Lumumba stayed.

"Every evening Patrice used to come home with a large sheaf of paper covered with writing," the old man told him.

"They're extracts of books I've read, Father,' he said. 'One day they will be useful to me.' I don't remember ever seeing him resting or amusing himself. When others would be singing and dancing and feasting, I would always see him with a book."

Before the journalist left, the old man brought out a tattered volume Lumumba had left behind. It was a book on logic.

In Mangobo he met Congolese youths of his own age with interests similar to his own. They liked to read. Moreover, they listened to the news over the radio and talked about current events. Like Lumumba, they had come from rural villages to try and make good in the big city, but at first they treated him with mockery. "You are a country boy; go home and raise *chikwangué*," they said. *Chikwangué* was the African name for cassava, the food of the poor. In the beginning, Lumumba was too tongue-tied to open his mouth. In time, he asked questions to steer the talk in the direction that interested him most. Almost imperceptibly, he took a lead in the conversations.

Most of these young men had received some secondary education in mission schools, as Lumumba had. They called themselves *évolués*. The word was perhaps new to Lumumba. The Belgians used it to apply to natives who had allegedly evolved from their traditional culture to European culture. African youths were already adopting this patronizing term as a badge of honor.

To improve his French, Lumumba took a correspondence course and learned to speak the language better than some Belgians. (Belgium is bi-lingual. More than half the Belgian population is Flemish-speaking.) Surprisingly, in view of his adoration of European culture, he learned fluently several Congolese languages, particularly Lingala, a trade language used up and down the Congo River, and Swahili, spoken in the eastern Congo and across the continent through East Africa.

Early in 1947, he filled out an application to attend the post-office training school in Leopoldville. Lumumba's knowledge of Congolese languages impressed the school's director greatly. His application was accepted, and he was invited to take a year's training course in post-office work in Leopoldville. He left for the nation's capital in July 1947, when he was twenty-two. Everyone agreed it was a marvelous opportunity for one so young.

Certainly he took one of the wood-burning steamers that plied up and down the Congo twice a week. Perhaps he was on the *Kigoma*, a former Mississippi River steamboat which the Belgians had bought, dismantled, and sent by freight train from Matadi to Leopoldville. Europeans traveled first class in great luxury on these steamers, dined on the finest Belgian cuisine, and took their whisky or apéritifs in handsome wood-paneled lounges. Even if he had had the money, Lumumba could not have gone first class. Congolese passengers slept in crowded berths on barges attached to the steamer, and in the daytime spread out over the lower deck. Men played checkers on cardboard checkerboards, using bottle tops for checkers. Women washed their colorful *pagnes* or wove their children's hair into tiny geometric patterns.

The journey to Leopoldville usually took about a week. The river is several miles wide and very smooth for the near-thousand-mile stretch, but so thick with islands that the navigator must know his way to channel through them. Hours go by with no sign of human habitation except an occasional fishing village of thatched huts built on high stilts. There is little doubt Lumumba was happy. The turbulent humanity of the Congolese always had a soothing effect on him, even though he held himself somewhat aloof. The future beckoned, and he was confident it had a place for him.

Nor did Leopoldville disappoint him. It was a modern, streamlined city with skyscrapers, air-conditioned bars, res-

taurants and hotels, a staggering amount of traffic, and a stadium, named after young Prince Baudouin, which held 75,000 people and was the largest on the continent. On his first Sunday he left the African suburb where he was staying with Batetela kinsmen, as before, to walk through the European part of the city.

It was forbidden for Africans to enter the bars and restaurants except as waiters. They could not go into the pastry shops but had to wait their turn before a little window outside. They were not even permitted to be in the European section unless they were going to work. On this day, however, no one questioned Lumumba. He admired the great cathedral, the impressive commercial buildings, many stories high, the fine hotels. Immersed in his thoughts, he accidentally brushed against a European woman.

"Dirty monkey!" she shrieked at him. "Can't you look where you are going?"

No one had ever spoken to him like that. The Belgians he had known had sometimes been patronizing but never ill-bred. The words cut like a knife. Indignantly, he told some of his African friends about the incident. They shrugged. That was the way things were, they said. No matter how hard a Congolese tried to improve himself, he could not change the color of his skin. For the Belgians he would always be a black, little better than an animal.

On another Sunday, Lumumba took a ferry across to Brazzaville, capital of the French Congo. During World War II, Brazzaville had served as headquarters of the Free French, the soldiers who had continued to fight for freedom after France was occupied by the Nazis. In 1944, General Charles de Gaulle had presided over a conference in Brazzaville, called to discuss giving Africans under French rule a greater say in their own government. Since then, a number of Congolese in the French Congo had been appointed to high administrative posts, and some students had been granted scholarships to attend European universities.

In the Belgian Congo, in contrast, only religious students sponsored by Catholic or Protestant missions were permitted to study abroad, and then only if they were deemed qualified to follow a religious career. Nor did any Congolese hold posts of responsibility in either government or private industry. Lumumba's young African friends in Leopoldville often discussed wistfully the higher status given to their brothers across the river.

Rather to his surprise, Lumumba found Brazzaville to be a sleepy little town with French-style arcades and architecture and many flowers and trees, lacking the bustle of its big neighbor. Knowing no one, he walked for a long time, looking in shop windows and eavesdropping on conversations when he could do so unnoticed. Finally, tired and thirsty, he stopped by a hedge beyond an outdoor café, hoping a waiter might pass from whom he could plead for a glass of water.

The manager of the café, a European woman, saw him standing there and asked what he was doing. Hesitantly, he explained. "Come in and sit down," she said with a smile. Overcome, he followed her and took a place at an empty table. All the others were filled with Europeans. Any moment he expected to be ordered out. Shortly, the European woman came toward him herself, bringing not ordinary water but mineral water. He trembled so violently that he hardly could manage to pay her, and in spite of his thirst he left hastily, unable to swallow a drop.

Afterwards, friends assured him that such a friendly welcome was rare anywhere in colonial Africa. Nonetheless, the experience helped to make him forget the bad taste left by his experience with the white woman in Leopoldville.

The following spring he graduated from the Leopoldville post-office training school with an average of 91.4 points, which was considered unusually high and entitled him to the rank of Postal Clerk Third Class and a salary of 5000 francs a month. This was far more than he had ever earned

before, but was still about half what Belgian employees doing the same work received.

He spent four months of apprenticeship back in Stanleyville, then was sent to Yangambi, a town of 13,000 population, including some 400 Europeans, about eighty miles downriver from Stanleyville. Most of the Europeans worked for INEAC, a large agricultural experiment station. Though these scholars and scientists kept to themselves, they were amiable and courteous.

Lumumba bought himself a pair of glasses, not to imitate the Belgians, as some Congolese did, but because he needed them. All his late reading under poor light had made him nearsighted. He also grew a small beard. He became very fastidious about his clothes. His white shirt had to be immaculate, his trousers properly creased. He wore a dark, conservative tie and a white handkerchief folded in the left pocket of his jacket in the manner of well-dressed white men. By the time the post office decided to return him to Stanleyville, in April 1950, he had become quite Europeanized, at least in dress.

Once again he stayed with Paul Kimbala, his fellow tribesman. Now he could afford to pay more for his board and keep, and he also had money to entertain his friends. There were many of them, mostly young Congolese who yearned to make good as he had done. He was so noticeably efficient in his work, which was in the postal-check department, that he aroused some jealousy among his white coworkers.

In 1951, he received a letter from his father, dictated certainly to one of the few literate citizens of Onalua. It contained startling news. His family had arranged a marriage for him. The girl was Pauline Opangu. Though she lived in Wembo Nyama, where Lumumba had gone to school, he had never met her. She was only fifteen and, like most Congolese women, did not know how to read or write and could not speak French.

Everything in him rebelled. There had been other romantic interests in his life since the girl in Kalima. There was Hortense, whom he had married in a native ceremony, though their relationship had ended in failure and separation. There was Pauline Kie, of the Sakata tribe, by whom he had had a child, which he recognized legally by paying an indemnity to her family for its support.

He was not against a permanent marriage, but he did not want to make any more mistakes. He wanted someone with whom he could share his dreams and aspirations. It was too much to hope to find a wife of his own educational level. In all the Congo there was perhaps not a single woman as advanced as that. But at least he wanted someone who would be a companion, not just a housekeeper. He was convinced that the girl from Wembo Nyama could not possibly fill this qualification.

Though he had been earning his own living for seven years, he was still his father's son. In a Congolese household, the father's word is law. It did not occur to him to refuse this arrangement, which had been made without consulting him.

The marriage took place in Stanleyville in a native ceremony followed by a civil ceremony. Both his own parents and his bride's parents arrived for the occasion, and guests came from all over for the wedding feast. It was very gay, as weddings should be, and the young groom enjoyed himself as much as anyone.

All the while, he was watching his child wife. She was tiny and frail. Her hair was cut short and on her cheeks were small decorative scars, tattooings made when she was still an infant. Shy and modest, she had an elfin charm about her. Within two weeks Lumumba was completely captivated.

THE RISE OF A POSTAL CLERK

To civilize a man is to civilize only one individual. To civilize a woman is to civilize an entire people.

— LUMUMBA

Pauline soon discovered that she had married a man unlike any other. He rose about two in the morning, read for two or three hours, took a cold bath at five. His breakfast was coffee without sugar. Though she prepared tempting meals for him, of rice and fish or chicken cooked in palm oil and flavored with spices, he always ate sparingly.

Often he was silent for hours, absorbed in his books or his thoughts. She would be afraid he was angry at her until suddenly he would smile at her with a flash of his even white teeth. In their intimate moments, no one could have been more tender. There were never quarrels or disputes in their house, as happened sometimes with their neighbors.

His friends were always arriving at any hour of the day or night. Pauline grew accustomed to setting extra places at the table for unexpected guests. This part of her married life she did not mind at all. Her husband insisted she eat at the table with them, but this made her uncomfortable and she invented excuses to slip away. "We will not be able to progress so long as our women are not emancipated," he rebuked her gently. She giggled, not sure what he was talking about.

Even then he was a part-time husband. A variety of activities, aside from his job, kept him away from home. He

worked as a volunteer librarian at the nearby library. He served as secretary and later as president of the *Association du Personnel Indigène de la Colonie*, the Orientale Province branch of a society for African government employees. He founded a club for post-office employees, the *Amicale des Postiers*, and became president of that too. Joining clubs was beginning to take hold among urban Africans. These were not labor unions or political clubs, but they had the germs of them. Lumumba was also a charter member of the *Comité de l'Union Belgo-Congolaise*, a group of African intellectuals and broad-minded Europeans who, rather self-consciously, held meetings to discuss better race relations and kindred subjects.

Pauline could not help wondering where all this was leading. Likely, it seemed to her that he was wasting his time and heading for trouble. Her consolation was that he did not drink too much or take marijuana, as some urban Africans did, to ease the tensions of an unfamiliar way of life. Also, because of her husband's position, they were better off than most of their neighbors, who worked as simple laborers or as "boys" in European households.

Sometimes she worried that he would desert her for a woman better educated than herself, but those fears were never realized. There would be longer and longer separations. Though he was not always faithful, Pauline always represented home to him and he came back to her. She never became an intellectual, but her natural intelligence would impress foreign journalists and even world dignitaries.

Their first child was a healthy boy whom they named François Emery Flory. Lumumba made arrangements to get a government loan to build their own home, which would be more comfortable and roomier than the houses the Belgians had built for the blacks. Some of his friends thought this was foolish. Congolese were not allowed to buy the land on which they built. There was always the

danger that Europeans would force the Africans to move further back as their own city expanded. One man claimed this had happened to him three times. A more immediate problem for Lumumba was that he received only half of the money he had been promised, and construction had to be temporarily halted.

In the midst of these troubles Pauline became pregnant again. Lumumba agreed to let her return to her parents until the child was born. She took little François with her. During her absence, Lumumba moved in with African neighbors.

For some time he had been writing down his thoughts secretly. At last he got up courage to send some poems to *La Voix du Congolais*, a monthly review the Leopoldville government published for native literates. The poems dealt with safe topics, such as how King Leopold II had delivered the Africans from slavery and how great was the land of the Belgians. They were published, as were later much better ones in which he voiced some veiled criticisms of government policy.

To *La Croix du Congo*, a Catholic publication, he sent articles in which, though he still praised the Belgians, he became increasingly outspoken. He wrote about the need for education among Congolese women and about relations between whites and blacks. Once he asked pointedly, "Why are there whites who treat their blacks worse than their dogs?"

A few years before, he would have been handcuffed and beaten for expressing such sentiments, but times were changing. The progressive Catholic editors of *La Croix du Congo* sympathized with the Congolese. (Some ultraconservative colonists sneeringly called them, "Communists in white cassocks.") Not without cutting and revising, they printed Lumumba's articles. In time, his writing style improved. It was said of him that he was one of a dozen Congolese, in

a country of thirteen million, who knew how, and dared, to express himself.

The house where Lumumba stayed was small and crowded with an average of fifteen or so men, women, and children, some of them relatives and tribal brothers, who arrived and departed unceremoniously. Lumumba had his own room, hardly bigger than a closet and so filled with books that there was scarcely space to move. Oblivious to the hubbub of the household, he read and reread his books, making innumerable annotations in the margins.

Pauline was still away when one day Lumumba was introduced to a distinguished young stranger, a Belgian sociologist named Dr. Pierre Clément. Dr. Clément explained that he had been sent by a Paris research organization to make a study of "the social aspects of urbanization in the African milieu." Lumumba had been recommended to him as the African best qualified to help him gather information.

Lumumba was astonished, incredulous, and then delighted. It seemed too good to be true that Europeans should be concerned with the adjustment problems his people had in adapting themselves to life in cities. He offered the sociologist his full cooperation. Probably he did not realize that research reports are often read only by other researchers and do not of necessity result in any change in government policy. "If the colonies were administrated by the ethnologists and the sociologists, by these specialists in the humane sciences," he wrote Dr. Clément in the midst of the unrest of 1958, "the honor of humanity would have been saved, very much friction would have been avoided, and racial hatred would not have existed in its actual form."

During the next few months he and Dr. Clément saw each other nearly every day. Lumumba introduced him to his friends, then discreetly withdrew so that they could talk freely. He arranged for Dr. Clément to be invited to

native weddings and funerals, where people wore tribal costumes and masks and danced primitive dances.

They also visited crowded little African cafés, where jazz was played, very loudly, and the customers danced swing. Usually the atmosphere was friendly, but once a drunk came up, muttering that the white man had no right to intrude on their premises. Lumumba gave him a devastating look.

"Do you know to whom you are speaking?" he demanded. Abashed, the drunk shuffled away.

Dr. Clément and two colleagues had rented a house across the road from the African commune of Mangobo. Lumumba was often invited there for supper or drinks. The atmosphere was pleasant and congenial. Only their Congolese "boy" looked on disapprovingly. He was not accustomed to serving blacks at European tables.

"He impressed me as a personality which harmoniously integrated intelligence, will, courage, a spirit of enterprise, tenacity, curiosity, and a social sense," Dr. Clément later eulogized the young African whose friendship he had won.

For all his cooperation, Lumumba did not give that friendship easily nor quickly. Congolese had white advisers. There were whites who were good to them. But Congolese did not have white friends in the true sense of the word. There was always that barrier of race and color. It took some time for Lumumba to learn that for certain Europeans the color of one's skin was unimportant. Only then did he admit the sociologist to the inner world of his thoughts, the world which instinctively the Congolese barred from white foreigners.

When he rode his bicycle home from work, he would often find Dr. Clément waiting for him, playing with the children or talking to the adults of the household. In his tiny room they held long and intimate conversations. The sociologist was obviously impressed with his books and the marginal notes. They were "witness to his thirst for knowl-

edge and the benefit he hoped to draw from his reading," Dr. Clément commented later.

Through his first white friend, Lumumba learned that there were still great gaps in his education. None of the books in the native library or those he had been able to buy had taught him anything about government, either in Europe or the Congo. Far more than the French and English colonies in Africa, the Belgian Congo Administration had managed to keep its Congolese subjects in political ignorance. In fact, the authorities had tried to discourage Dr. Clément's research project, on the grounds that it might stir up doubts and dissension. In order to stay, he had to be very discreet about what he said and did, yet he always answered Lumumba's questions frankly. When Lumumba realized his position, it was he who took the initiative to keep his friend from getting in trouble. But half-formulated ideas were crystallizing. Perhaps blacks were not inferior to whites. Perhaps blacks should be consulted about how their country was run, and not always treated as adolescents. Perhaps the Belgians were unfair . . .

A shadow descended over their relationship, which they were helpless to prevent. One day they took a motor ferry to attend a meeting on the other side of the river. Dr. Clément sat down next to Lumumba in the African section of the boat. Lumumba did not dare to warn him. A guard came over and curtly told the Belgian to move over with the Europeans. He obeyed rather than make a scene, but it was an agonizing moment for both of them. The incident remained one of the few things they never could talk over afterwards.

In December 1952, they drove down to Onalua. Dr. Clément had expressed his desire to see his friend's native village, and Lumumba wanted to collect Pauline. They went in Dr. Clément's car with a chauffeur and a "boy." The journey took three days. During the first two, they drove through equatorial forests. On the third, they

emerged on the savanna. There was a near accident when the chauffeur fell asleep at the wheel and they found themselves perched precariously on a huge anthill.

As they neared the village, neighbors and relatives poured out to meet them, smiling and pressing around the car. It was a triumphal welcome for one of their own who had made good and was returning. People reached out to touch Lumumba, clicked their fingers, struck their thighs, all to show their pleasure.

Everyone in Onalua was waiting for them, the notables, the historian, the children. Then Lumumba saw his aging parents and his brothers and Pauline with young François and a healthy, laughing baby which she thrust into his arms, while onlookers screamed with delight. He called his son Patrice Pierre Clément, the last two names in honor of of his Belgian friend.

They stayed nearly a month in Onalua. Lumumba never ceased being a celebrity. People came from all the villages around to have a look at him. Dr. Clément, in his role of observer, was charmed with the simplicity and modesty with which he accepted all this homage. This was his world, and although he was now a "monsieur," it was as though he had never left it. Just once, when he had to pay a call on the chief of the district, he dressed up in his post-office uniform and a white cap. The villagers were stricken with awe at the sight.

Lumumba was moved by how little village life had changed in the ten years of his absence. Belgian civilization had made no inroads here. People were still abysmally poor, lacking even the most elemental creature comforts. It was no wonder that young people were heading for the cities. In a notebook he jotted down ways in which their life could be made more bearable—installation of a public-address system to provide news and music . . . organization of games and sports for youth . . . setting up social centers . . . prohibition of unpaid work.

The announcement of their departure was met with wild lamentations. Tears streaming down their cheeks, people piled food in their car and reached out to grasp their hands in a last farewell.

The return journey, with Pauline and the children, lasted six days. Everyone took turns holding the baby. They stopped in all the villages along the way. Lumumba talked to villagers and took notes for an article he had decided to write on the reason for the exodus to the cities, while the sociologist studied local customs.

Back in Stanleyville, Lumumba and Pauline settled down in their new house, which was finally completed. It had a garden with flowering bougainvillea and was very pleasant indeed. They had a constant stream of visitors, including many Europeans who came out of curiosity and returned because they enjoyed themselves and the hospitality was lavish. It was a matter of pride with Lumumba that his European guests should have whisky and other refreshments as they did in their own homes.

It was a matter of pride with him, too, that young François should go to the Royal Athenaeum school, the best in Stanleyville, where most of the pupils were Europeans. He saw to it that his son was dressed as well as his white playmates. Nor at this school could François take a poor children's lunch of cassava wrapped in leaves. He had to buy a hot lunch, as the young Europeans did.

Expenses and, eventually, debts mounted. Lumumba's personal needs, except for his books and radio, were simple, but he had a distaste for petty economies. When there was money, it was spent with little thought of the future, and the plain truth was that his future was not promising. For all his fame in local circles, he was still a third-class postal clerk, earning half what his white colleagues earned. Whereas they were advanced regularly to administrative positions, such advancement was barred to Congolese. It would, by post-office rules, take him twenty-four years to

rise to first-class postal clerk, and that was the highest he could hope for.

To appease the demands of the growing numbers of educated Congolese, the Congo Government in 1952 announced that natives who met special qualifications would be granted a *Carte d'Immatriculation*—literally, "Registration Card." Holders of this card were theoretically entitled to all the privileges of the Congo's Europeans.

Lumumba was one of the first applicants. The tests were detailed and arduous. He had to appear before a board of examiners and answer questions. Investigators came prying into his home to see if he and his family slept on beds and ate with knives and forks instead of their fingers, to see whether he treated his wife with the consideration Europeans supposedly showed their wives, that is, that he did not beat her. Lumumba passed all the tests, but then was turned down on the grounds of "immaturity." His white friends were so indignant at this obvious injustice that they took up his case in Leopoldville. Another judge reviewed it in his favor. He was granted the *Carte d'Immatriculation* in 1954. He was still only third on the list to receive it.

However, the card did not produce any notable changes in his life. His salary remained the same. His Belgian friends still came to see him, but he and Pauline were not invited to their homes to meet their wives. They still addressed him with the intimate "*tu*" (thee), while expecting him to call them "*vous*" (you). And on the debit side, the card meant a greater need to maintain a standard of living equal to that of the white population.

In his post-office job he handled rather large sums of money. One day, unusually hard-pressed for cash, he borrowed a few thousand francs from one of his accounts. From his point of view, it was open and aboveboard. He made a note of the sum taken on a slip of paper, signing his name to it. His intention was to pay it back a few days later, but instead, he had to borrow again. This went

on for a long period. Sometimes he was able to repay part of what he owed, but he always had to borrow it back. Each time he left an exact record. He was certain his superior knew about his debt and was grateful to him for not mentioning it.

A new Minister of the Colonies was appointed in 1954, Auguste Buisseret, a member of Belgium's Liberal Party and an advocate of government schools to supplement and gradually replace mission schools. Lumumba, himself a victim of inadequate formal education, joined the Stanleyville branch of the Liberal Party. Soon he was made secretary and was editing and distributing pamphlets urging Congolese to become Liberals. It was his first purely political activity.

Actually, there were Belgians far more liberal in their thinking about the Congo than members of the Liberal Party. In 1955, A. A. J. Van Bilsen, a professor at the Institute of Antwerp (Belgium) for Overseas Territories, proposed a plan for emancipation of the Congo in thirty years. With intensive training, he asserted, the Congolese should be able to govern themselves in that time. His cautious proposal brought cries of outrage among certain Belgian colonists who wanted life to go on forever as it was.

The Governor General of the Congo, Léon Petillon, had a slightly different concept. A man of good will, he envisaged a Belgian-Congolese community, in which the two races would work together in harmony, and in which the old-style colonialism could be abandoned. He imparted his theory to King Baudouin, who approved.

Baudouin had been king since 1951; he was very young and idealistic. On June 1, 1955, he made a tour of the Congo, something his great-great-uncle, Leopold II, had never done. Everywhere he was greeted with delirious enthusiasm by the Congolese. They had been beguiled by a rumor that he was going to suppress all taxes. Moreover, they thought of him

as their king, someone who would right the wrongs done to them by the underlings of the Congo Administration.

Baudouin's last stop was Stanleyville. African chiefs in native costumes and headdresses, bringing gifts, were admitted to his presence. In the spacious gardens of the mansion of the Governor of Orientale Province, a reception was held. A group of *évolués* were invited, among them Lumumba. When the King asked them questions, Lumumba was the only one not too intimidated to answer.

The King's interest was aroused. Ignoring the distinguished white guests, he drew Lumumba aside and talked to him about his plan for the Congo's future. He wanted to lead the Congolese in a gradual evolution. He wanted to bring economic and social democracy to the Congo, as a prelude to political democracy. Did Lumumba think this was feasible?

Far less emotional men than Lumumba would have been shaken to receive the King's confidences. What could he do except stammer that the King's proposal was a realization of all he had ever hoped for?

After Baudouin's departure, Africans of Mangobo besieged him with questions. What had he said to the King? What was the King going to do for them? The man who had spoken to the Belgian King was pointed out to everyone.

A gnawing worry prevented Lumumba from enjoying his enhanced prestige. To pay off his "borrowings" from the post office, he had some months before decided to sell his house. This was proving difficult. The Government, with a laudable spirit of paternalism, tried to prevent Africans from selling their homes on the grounds that they might spend the money on drink. Lumumba had still not been able to get through all the red tape.

The debt weighed heavily on him, but it did not occur to him that he had been dishonest. After all, he had concealed nothing.

VOYAGE TO BELGIUM

Belgium and the Congo constitute a single nation.

—KING BAUDOUIN in 1955

In 1956, Auguste Buisseret, Minister of the Colonies, invited a group of sixteen young Congolese for a two-week visit to Belgium. Patrice Lumumba, Secretary of the Stanleyville branch of the Minister's own Liberal Party, was one of them.

Nothing like this had ever been done before. Aside from religious students, the Congolese who had been to Belgium could probably have been counted on the fingers of one hand. The Belgian Congo's first college graduate, a young man named Thomas Kanza, received his degree in psychology that spring from the University of Louvain in Belgium, but he was an exception.

Lumumba was delighted. He had dreamed of studying at Lovanium University, which had opened in Leopoldville the year before, but with a wife and three children (the youngest, a girl named Juliana), it was out of the question. The trip to Belgium, air flight and travel expenses paid, was some compensation.

He left with a light heart. At last he had succeeded in selling his house and had repaid his debt to the post office in full. The slips recording his borrowing had vanished. He knew he would have to retrench to avoid the same pitfall again, but there was time enough to worry about that.

He had been told that Belgium was cold, but it was June

and almost as warm as the Congo. There is no account of his first impressions of Brussels, which would have been interesting. He had thought that modern Leopoldville represented the height of civilization. Nothing had prepared him for the ancient charm of Belgium's capital, with its Gothic and baroque buildings, narrow winding streets, and shops with shuttered windows, nor its park-lined boulevards and the châteaux and castles built or improved with King Leopold II's profits from the Congo.

He was admittedly astonished to find that in Belgium white people cleaned the streets, worked as waiters and servants, did all the menial work which the blacks did in the Congo. It struck him that some Congolese lived better than some Europeans, and this came as a surprise. It was Belgian Congo policy to make sure their colonists maintained a certain level of prosperity, on the grounds that the sight of poor colonists might weaken the colonial authority.

Lumumba and his fellow delegates were escorted on tours of the city, taken to museums, wined and dined in the best restaurants. It was a heady experience to have whites call him "*vous*" instead of "*tu*" and to be addressed as "Monsieur Lumumba" instead of "Patrice." Everyone was friendly and curious. He detected no trace of condescension. Lumumba judged that Belgians in Belgium, unlike Belgian colonists, had no racial prejudice, which was not wholly true.

In Antwerp, the delegates visited the Institute of Overseas Territories, where youths were being trained in colonial administration. "These young people had the outlook of the future servants which the Congo really needs," Lumumba wrote. "They are inspired by a determination which borders on heroism and imbued with a sincere desire to place themselves resolutely in the service of Congolese development."

Obviously, he saw everything through rose-colored spec-

tacles and was only too willing to believe the best of everyone.

Some of the students kept them company constantly during their two days in Antwerp, besieging them with questions about the Congo, which was to be their country. A student named Jacques Ryon invited them to spend a day with his family in the country. "We spent an evening of true friendship with members of the family, who welcomed us with warm and brotherly affection," Lumumba commented.

They visited the historic towns of Gand, Bruges, Liège, Charleroi, Namur and Louvain. They were invited to descend into the coal mines. There was a hasty excursion to the Netherlands, and another to Paris. Back in Brussels, Lumumba was presented to Belgium's postmaster general, and it is said that during their talk he proposed certain reforms in the handling of postal checks which were later adopted.

The young Congolese were introduced to members of the Liberal Party, as well as to members of the Socialist Party and the Christian Socialist Party. Lumumba turned down a chance to meet with representatives of the Communist Party, possibly because he had been warned against them. The nuances of differences between these political organizations of the whites no doubt bewildered some of the young Congolese.

As the most articulate of the group, Lumumba was invited to make several speeches. The sympathy he had met throughout his trip convinced him that he could speak openly here, as he could not have risked doing in Stanleyville. In effect, he said, "We love the Belgians, but in certain things they do, they hurt our dignity." He spoke of some of the major grievances of the Congolese. Excerpts of his talks were printed in Belgian newspapers. Eventually the Governor of Orientale Province and other colonial officials read them and were not pleased.

The Congolese delegates had been asked to make out regular reports of their impressions. Lumumba prepared his conscientiously. He noted, with disapproval that some of his fellow delegates filled their reports with trivialities. One of them wrote only six lines, a request to the Minister for a special allowance for his children. Another wrote, "The Belgians work very hard," which seemed to Lumumba an attempt to curry favor.

The delegates returned to Leopoldville by plane on July 1, 1956. Lumumba stayed there a week. He had been asked to hold a press conference, but this was mysteriously canceled. He did have time to catch up on activities among Leopoldville's *évolués*.

As in Stanleyville, urban Africans in Leopoldville enjoyed getting together with those of similar interests, and already there were a number of social or semipolitical organizations to choose from. The oldest was ADAPES (*Association des Anciens Élèves des Pères de Scheut*), a society formed in 1925 by graduates of the Catholic Mission of the Scheut Fathers, for purely social reasons. Since World War II its membership had skyrocketed. Recently its members had taken a stand for better conditions for the Congolese, especially the *évolués*, and against racial differentiation.

There were several social-study groups, launched with the encouragement of Belgian socialists. One of these was UNISCO (*Union des Intérêts Sociaux Congolais*), which advocated social reforms for the Congolese masses, more civil rights for the *évolués*, and the banning of social discrimination.

ABAKO (*Alliance des Bakongo*) was a pseudo-tribal organization. The Bakongo tribe were descendants of the ancient Kingdom of the Kongo. ABAKO's purpose in the beginning was to carry on historical and archaeological research on their tribe, but it, too, was becoming interested in social reform.

President of ABAKO and former member of ADAPES

and UNISCO was Joseph Kasavubu, born in the Lower Congo in 1910. Despite his religious education, he had decided not to be a priest. For sixteen years he had been a school teacher, but now he was working as a clerk in the treasury department. He was short, thickset, and had an impassive Oriental cast to his features, widely thought to be inherited from a Chinese grandfather who had worked on the Matadi-Leopoldville railway, and married a Bakongo woman. Kasavubu's tribal loyalties were strong—he advocated "the Lower Congo for the Bakongo"—but he also spoke out for equal pay for equal work for all Congolese.

His rival in Leopoldville was Jean Bolikango, leader of the Bangala, the capital's other most numerous tribe. Bolikango was a tall, handsome man who was Assistant Commissioner in INFORCONGO, the Belgian Information Service, and the only Congolese in the country to have a senior administrative post. Later he would be accused of supporting Belgian interests above Congolese interests.

The thirty-year plan of Professor Van Bilsen, a Christian Socialist, had caused a great wave of hope among Congolese intellectuals, especially in Leopoldville. Certain liberal Catholic missionaries also felt the time had come to give the Congolese increased participation in their country's government. To stimulate thinking in this direction, Catholic Fathers sponsored a mimeograph sheet called *Conscience Africaine*, the African Conscience. Its editor was a small, shy, earnest young man, of the equatorial Mongo people, named Joseph Ileo.

There is no evidence that Lumumba met these three African leaders—Kasavubu, Bolikango, and Joseph Ileo—at this time, though it is not impossible. He did meet a lesser-known *évolué*, Joseph Désiré Mobutu, according to Mobutu's biographer, Francis Monheim. Mobutu was a sergeant in the Force Publique and a part-time journalist for *Actualités Africaines*, a sort of tabloid sheet for African readers, edited by the Belgian journalist Pierre Davister. When *Actualités*

Africaines got in trouble for certain issues deemed pornographic by the authorities, Mobutu wrote a long defense of the freedom of the press. Otherwise, he had shown little desire to fight injustice. He gave the impression of an easy-going young man more interested in girls and beer than in politics.

Before Lumumba left for Stanleyville, a friend handed over to him the latest issue of Joseph Ileo's *Conscience Africaine*. In the flurry of his departure, he apparently thrust it in his pocket and forgot about it.

A crowd of his friends were waiting for him at the Stanleyville airport, as were Pauline and his children. He had barely time to embrace them when the King's prosecutor (equivalent to an attorney general) came up and put his hand on Lumumba's shoulder.

"You know, Patrice," he said, "when someone has a hole in his trousers, he should not try to climb the pole at the fair."

Contests where men skin up greased poles were European in origin, not Congolese, but Patrice was not long left in doubt about the analogy. He had made himself too conspicuous in Belgium. He had said too many things that the Congo Administration felt were better left unsaid. In their estimation, he had been too ambitious. The "hole in his trousers" was his vulnerable spot, the money he had borrowed from the post office. They might have overlooked the matter had he kept quiet.

Two policemen put handcuffs on him, and in the face of the horrified murmurs of his friends, and no doubt Pauline's tears, they led him away.

A PERIOD OF DISGRACE

I thought I was going to die of shame.

— LUMUMBA

The court trial was short. For embezzling post-office funds, Lumumba was condemned to two years in prison. No one seems to have mentioned that the funds had been paid back. This significant fact was unearthed some years later by a Belgian lawyer and author, Jules Chomé. Lumumba accepted the verdict without protest.

The African population of Stanleyville took it for granted that he was innocent of the charges. For them, he was still the man who had talked with the King and visited the home of the Belgians. For them, also, he was proof that Congolese could meet white men as equals, and they took personal pride in his achievements. That the Belgians had put him in prison meant only that the whites did not want any black to rise to a place of importance. From their meager salaries they took up collections to provide for Pauline and his children during his imprisonment.

Not without reason, Congolese felt that in Belgian courts justice had a different meaning for Europeans and for Africans. Flogging was a legal punishment for Congolese offenders—it remained so until six months before independence—but was never applied to whites. "If flogging is abolished, that will be the end of discipline among the natives," one colonist explained. A Congolese could receive

twenty-seven lashes for not paying taxes, even when he had no funds to pay them.

There was a case where an African received two months in prison for drinking from the same glass as a European. Belgians, on the other hand, often got off free for really serious offenses. About the time that Lumumba was condemned, a Belgian woman in Luluabourg was caught cheating the government administration of several million francs. To avoid scandal, she was shipped back on the next plane for Brussels. When her trial finally came up, she was let off with a small fine.

Behind prison walls, the double standard continued. European prisoners had clean quarters and adequate food. Congolese languished in crowded, unhealthy cells and were fed unwashed salted fish and *chikwangue* (cassava) so dry and hard that it was almost impossible to chew. Only if they had a doctor's permit could they wear shoes. They slept on boards laid on the bare ground.

Lumumba was more fortunate than most of his countrymen. The *Carte d'Immatriculation*, which had caused him only expense and trouble thus far, for the first time proved worthwhile. As an *immatriculé*, he had, in prison, the privileges of a white man. He was not flogged. He was not forced, as were the others, to work on the roads or in the parks, barefoot and in a convict's striped outfit. He was left alone with plenty of time on his hands.

His friends brought him his books, typewriter, and paper. He read a great deal, including the issue of Joseph Ileo's *Conscience Africaine*, which he had received in Leopoldville. The issue contained what afterwards became known simply as "The Manifesto," the first political statement ever issued by the Congolese. In part, it read:

We believe that the Congo, situated as it is in center of the African continent, is destined to be a great nation . . .

One principle is essential: the color of skin will not confer any

privilege . . . We wish to be civilized Congolese, not Europeans with black skins . . .

We reject vehemently the principle of "equal and separate." It wounds us profoundly . . .

We refuse to let ourselves be dragged into violence. We want to continue to respect authority; but we desire our opinions to be consulted . . .

The Belgians must understand from now on that their domination over the Congo will not be eternal . . .

We demand of the Europeans that they abandon their attitude of scorn and racial segregation . . . We ask them also to abandon their attitude of condescension; it wounds our self-respect. We do not like to be always treated as children . . .

In Leopoldville The Manifesto had been sold at a football game in the stadium, thus receiving the widest possible distribution. Everyone was talking about it. Joseph Kasavubu, in the name of his Bakongo society, ABAKO, then issued a statement which went even further. He demanded political rights for the Congolese, along with "all the liberties"—liberty of the individual, of thought and opinion, of the press, liberty to hold meetings, liberty of conscience and culture. "The hour has come," he said. "They must grant us emancipation today, not delay it thirty years. Our patience is at an end."

One authority says that when Lumumba read The Manifesto, it crystallized his own thinking. Another, less friendly, says that after reading it and the subsequent statement of Kasavubu, Lumumba beat his head on his prison walls in frustration and fury because other Congolese were getting credit he wanted for himself.

It is more probable that, while he admired the courage of Joseph Ileo and Joseph Kasavubu, he felt that they were going too far. His own evolution as a revolutionary thinker was slow. He still believed there could be a workable Belgian-Congolese community. Prison had not embittered him. His admiration for Belgian civilization and his grat-

itude for their splendid achievements in the Congo remained intact. Admittedly, Belgians were unfair toward the Congolese in many ways. It occurred to him that the mistakes were made because they were unaware of the Congolese point of view. Had not the Belgians he met on his trip to Europe been shocked at what he told them?

During the long, empty hours in his prison cell he wrote a book intended for a Belgian audience. *Le Congo, Terre de l'Avenir—Est-Il Menacé?* he called it. The Congo, Land of the Future—Is It Threatened?

"The aim of this work is to make a contribution toward the search for a solution of the present and future problems in the Congo," he wrote in the introduction. ". . . My intention is not to teach our rulers, or show them the way to go—that would be presumptuous—but to enlighten them on the mysteries of the African soul."

In effect, the book dealt not so much with the African soul as with the Africans' economic problems and the social injustices inflicted on them.

He discussed the practice of paying white workers more than black for the same work: "Equality in the labor market is the dream of all the Congolese. It is a legitimate dream which is in accord with Article 23 of the [United Nations] Declaration of Human Rights: 'Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.'" Drawing up sample budgets, he showed how near impossible it was for the average Congolese worker to feed his family adequately, let alone buy books "to improve his mind and character."

He spoke of the curfew imposed on African townships from six at night until six in the morning: "The Europeans can move about freely in their quarters . . . The principles of individual liberty should be observed in our case, too. . . . We are not chickens to be shut up in our houses when we have no desire to sleep."

Land reform, prison and legal reforms, the need for better

education for children, for women, for the soldiers in the Force Publique, the uncertain status of *évolués*, the plight of single women, the importance of letting Congolese have political rights and a say in running their own country—these and other subjects came under his scrutiny and analysis.

He did not hesitate to criticize his own people. They drank too much. They neglected their wives and children. They imitated the baser qualities rather than the more noble ones of the Europeans. But he was careful to point out that these failings were not altogether their own fault. Theft, for example, was almost unknown before the coming of the Europeans. "You could close your house with a piece of string and go off on a journey lasting several weeks without fear of anyone breaking in." But in urban centers Africans were cut off from the traditional laws which once governed their tribes so strictly. "Can it be that colonization has led to a loosening of standards?"

His criticism of Belgian policy was expressed gently, without anger or indignation. He gave full praise to "the farsighted policy pursued by the Belgian Government especially in recent years . . . the concern of the Governor General and of the colonial authorities for improvements in the living conditions of the native people . . . the concern shown by His Majesty the King for his African subjects . . ."

All the more because of its mild tone, its total lack of recrimination, the book remains one of the most damning indictments of colonialism ever written. It shows, beyond all doubt, how eager and willing the Congolese were to love those who had stolen their birthright.

"I firmly believe in the determination of the Belgians and the Congolese to build in harmony a truly democratic and brotherly society in which friendship, love, peace, social justice, liberty, and equality will reign forever," Lumumba wrote toward the book's end.

On January 10, 1957, when he had been seven months in

prison, Lumumba mailed the bulky completed manuscript to a Brussels publishing house called *Office de Publicité*. He gave his return address as "P. H. Lumumba. Post Office Box 29, Stanleyville."

Two weeks later he received a letter from the publisher. It must have been a moment of great excitement for him when it was delivered to his cell. Then there was a letdown. The editors said nothing about publishing the book, or even about having read it, but they did ask him to tell them something about himself. He obliged them with the only known autobiographical notes he ever wrote:

For more than six years I have been publishing articles dealing with the various social strata of the native population.

I am one of the first Congolese to be granted *immatriculation* and given equal status with the Belgians.

In 1948, I took a correspondence course in the French language organized by a correspondence college.

Self-taught, I have never stopped learning. At present I am studying law, philosophy, economics, social science, and administration. I am helped in this by European teachers who give their services free of charge.

With regard to my family, I now have three children, of whom the two older attend school along with European children at the Stanleyville Royal Athenaeum.

I was a member of the delegation of Congolese leaders who visited Belgium in 1956 at the invitation of the Minister of the Colonies . . . I was presented to King Baudouin during his visit to Stanleyville in 1955, and had a long talk with him.

He listed the organizations to which he belonged and had helped found, the publications that had printed his articles, and he included a clipping about this activities from the Belgian journal *L'Afrique et le Monde*, dated November 30, 1954.

"I have always been in government service but at present I have no commitments," he added, without explanation.

In their next letter the editors suggested that he might

like to persuade some important person to write a preface to the book, as an assurance it would not be banned. He never did. The manuscript remained in the publisher's files, gathering dust.

(The *Office de Publicité*, no longer in existence, finally published *Le Congo, Terre de l'Avenir—Est-Il Menacé?* without editing or explanation, in 1961, some months after Lumumba's death, when his name was on everyone's lips. Lumumba's former friends were outraged. They considered it unethical of the publishers to issue a book which the author had so obviously outgrown and would no longer have wanted to see in print. Actually, it pleased no one. Former Belgian colonists could only be uncomfortable at the unhappy conditions he exposed. Those who considered Lumumba a revolutionary hero were shocked at his naïveté and his fulsome praise of the Belgians. Whether if it had been published at the time it was written, it could have achieved any of its aims, altered the history of the Congo, or even reduced misunderstandings and tensions, is something no one will ever know.)

In his prison cell, Lumumba read and reflected. He may have written some poetry. His sentence was commuted from two years to eighteen months, then to twelve. When he was released in July of 1957, he was as penniless as when he had arrived in Kindu. His career was blasted. Never again could he hope for a position within the colonial administration. But he had other things that could not be bought with money. He had his family. And he had hundreds of friends in the African quarters of Stanleyville, who had faith and confidence in him.

"Lumumba!" they acclaimed his return. "Lumumba!" As though his very name was a magic charm which would somehow improve their lot.

BEER, POLITICS, AND PAN-AFRICANISM

The Congo is our country. It is our duty to make it greater and more beautiful.

— LUMUMBA

The sale of whisky to natives was forbidden in the Congo, but there were no restrictions on beer. There were several large Belgian-owned breweries in the country. Their beer was good, refreshing, and cheap, and they did a flourishing business, especially among urban Africans. The only drink the Congolese preferred was their own palm wine, but this could not be bottled and was hard to obtain in the cities. The real rivals of the breweries were other breweries.

An insidious rumor spread about Polar beer, made by Bracongo, emanating allegedly from their chief competitor, the makers of Primus Beer. Polar, it was whispered around, caused impotency. Men who drank it would be unable to father children. In Africa, where a man's ambition is to have many fine sons, this rumor had a devastating effect. Polar sales sank to rock bottom.

Bracongo salesmen protested vainly that the charge was absurd. All their denials were met with disbelief. The company officers came to the conclusion that the only solution was to find a Congolese salesman who had the trust of his countrymen and who was intelligent enough to understand their difficulty. Someone recommended Patrice Lumumba.

His prison record did not bother these practical businessmen. They offered him the title of Commercial Director and a salary of 20,000 francs a year, over three times what the post office had paid him.

Lumumba accepted delightedly. Overnight his financial problems were solved. Moreover, he could live in Leopoldville, where so many exciting things were happening. Nor were his duties arduous. A European handled the administrative work of his department. All he had to do was to persuade his Congolese friends to drink Polar.

Pauline saw him less than ever now. Each day he made the rounds of the numerous cafés and bars of the African neighborhoods. His reputation had preceded him. This tall, well-dressed young man, who had dared defy the Belgians and yet had a big job with a European company, received a ready welcome everywhere. Unlike some educated Congolese, who considered themselves too good for common people, he talked with them, laughed with them, occasionally danced with their women. Moreover, he listened to them patiently and attentively. He was in his element. Among his own people, with the radio or the record-player blasting, he could relax.

Wherever he went he attracted crowds. Polar beer flowed, with hardly a word said about it. The café owners put up placards with a slogan devised by a Bracongo advertising man: "Polar has the freshness of the Pole under the tropics." Lumumba drank lemon-flavored tonic.

There were some who resisted. The Bakongo, members of Joseph Kasavubu's ABAKO, drank Primus. That was their beer. They had their own slogan. Primus was "the Queen of beers and the beer of King Kasa." For them, Kasavubu was not merely a political leader. He was their king, the chieftain of their tribe.

In the course of those first weeks Lumumba made friends, some intimate, with nearly all the rising young Congolese politicians, but did not succeed in seeing Kasavubu. The

ABAKO leader was as aloof and distant as Lumumba was gregarious and outgoing. Few could claim to know him well.

In December 1957, municipal elections took place in three major cities, Jadotville and Elisabethville in Katanga Province, and Leopoldville. These were the first elections ever held in the Congo and they marked a major concession on the part of the Congo Administration to the increasing unrest. In Leopoldville, the elections were a triumph for ABAKO, which won 129 out of 170 seats in the municipal council and eight out of ten posts as burgomaster or mayor of African communes. Kasavubu was named burgomaster of the Dendale commune. The election results did not please the Bangala tribe, who were almost as numerous as the Bakongo in Leopoldville, but less well organized.

Kasavubu's inaugural speech was the most militant any Congolese had yet dared give. He asked for scholarships for university students, freedom of the press, recognition of the Congo as a nation, and general elections. "There is no democracy so long as the vote is not for everyone," he said.

To the Belgian authorities this was rank ingratitude. Kasavubu would remain on their black list for a long time.

Lumumba had his own reservations about Kasavubu, much as he admired his courage. He felt that it was a mistake to put emphasis on tribal associations. If the Congo were to be strong, it must be unified. Tribal rivalries belonged to the past.

His own thinking had gone through a violent upheaval since his release from prison. Independence was in the air, and he had caught fire from it. It was a word not mentioned in the book he had written, pleading with the Belgians to cease the injustices of colonial rule. Now he realized that injustice was inevitable under colonialism, and that the only solution for the Congo was for her to become master of her own destiny.

In his discussions with other Congolese intellectuals at

this time, it is difficult to say who influenced whom. There is no doubt that among the nonintellectuals, the simple common people, his supporters were increasing at a rapid pace. Wherever he went, they hung on his words. He had the gift of inspiring hope among the hopeless, of making them feel they counted. The oratory that would one day sway multitudes was perfected in the bars and cafés and homes of Leopoldville's African communes.

The battle of the beers took on new proportions. By the beer a man drank, one knew where his sympathies lay. Among Kasavubu's "Abakists," who drank Primus, and the "Lumumbists," who insisted on Polar, there were often disputes and sometimes fights.

In April 1958, Belgium opened its International Exposition in Brussels. As another gesture of appeasement, the Government invited several hundred Congolese (but not Lumumba this time) to attend. Like so many of their past efforts to make up for colonial failures, this one backfired.

The Congolese were duly dazzled by the magnificent spectacle: by the American coliseum, the largest circular structure in the world; the streamlined aluminum-and-wood pavilion of the Austrians; the Belgians' own giant model of an atom. But, in addition, they found time to exchange experiences with Congolese from other provinces and to talk with Africans from other countries, for whom independence was already more than a word. In this fertile soil, the seeds of revolt sprouted and flowered.

The Congo had its own display, a replica of an African village, where natives wore primitive costumes and carried on the tasks of weaving, basket-making, and the forging of spears and hatchets, as their ancestors had once done. No doubt the Government thought they would be pleased to be represented, but when overzealous visitors threw peanuts to them the atmosphere grew sullen. In daily life they now wore suits and shirts and ties and shoes like Europeans.

The time had passed for them to be treated like animals in a zoo.

The time had passed for many things.

In August 1958, General Charles de Gaulle offered the French Congo a choice between complete independence or becoming an autonomous republic within the French community. They opted for the latter. France was offering a similar choice to other of her colonies. "You want independence?" General de Gaulle demanded bluntly of an audience in Dakar, capital of French Senegal. "Take it, then."

His words were quoted in a Leopoldville paper. "Why don't the Belgians treat us that way?" people asked.

The date October 5, 1958, was a momentous one for Lumumba. It marked the birth of the MNC (*Mouvement National Congolais*), the National Congolese Movement, of which he was a founding member and soon president. Unlike the numerous clubs and societies he had started and presided over in Stanleyville, this was a purely political organization, with a strongly militant program.

Its aims were: better education for the masses; training in administrative and professional fields for the elite; and, most important of all, independence of the Congo through peaceful methods. Unlike ABAKO and other tribal-based societies, MNC welcomed members from all tribes and all provinces, the first Congolese party to do so.

Officers and cofounders were established Congolese leaders and patriots. Cyrille Adoula, Vice-president, had helped organize the first Congolese trade unions. He had completed his secondary, or high-school, studies, which only a few thousand Congolese had done, and now worked as a bank clerk to support himself and his family. Joseph Ileo, another MNC founder, was author of the famous Manifesto. Gaston Diomi was the MNC liaison with ABAKO. As a member of that organization, he had in the elections won the post of mayor of the African commune of Ngiri Ngiri.

Joseph Ngalula was editor of the Catholic paper *Présence Congolaise*, and was also a strong trade unionist. He had come to Leopoldville from Kasai Province and belonged to the Baluba tribe.

In spite of their different tribal origins, these men were in the beginning friends and comrades and as close as brothers. All worked hard to build up the MNC, but Lumumba, with his ability to get along almost without sleep, put in the longest hours of all.

Part of his time was taken up in correspondence with leaders of other African nations, about whom he had an enormous curiosity. Though he had never traveled in Africa outside of the Congo, he felt a strong kinship with neighboring countries, who one by one were casting off colonial domination. Word reached him that a conference of African nationalists was being held in Accra, in Ghana. He wrote asking if the MNC could be represented, and was told he would be welcome. He arranged to take along Gaston Diomi and Joseph Ngalula to complete his delegation.

To his employers at Bracongo he hinted that Ghana might well be a potential market for Polar beer. He did not really care whether they agreed or not. The MNC was proving a full-time job, and soon he would leave the brewery for good.

Joseph Kasavubu was also invited to attend the Accra conference to represent ABAKO. The Administration granted him his passport and his visa, but, purposely or not, no one informed him that he would need smallpox and yellow-fever vaccinations. At the Leopoldville airport of Ndjili, the medical inspector refused to let him board the plane.

The MNC delegation had no such difficulties. The Governor General, overruling opposition from lesser colonial officials, gave his personal authorization to their leaving. At this time Lumumba was considered far less of a threat than Kasavubu.

Accra was a seaport city, founded by the English and

Dutch in the seventeenth century. It was the capital of Ghana, independent since 1957, after years of British colonialism. Many white people had stayed on after independence and were now working for the new Government.

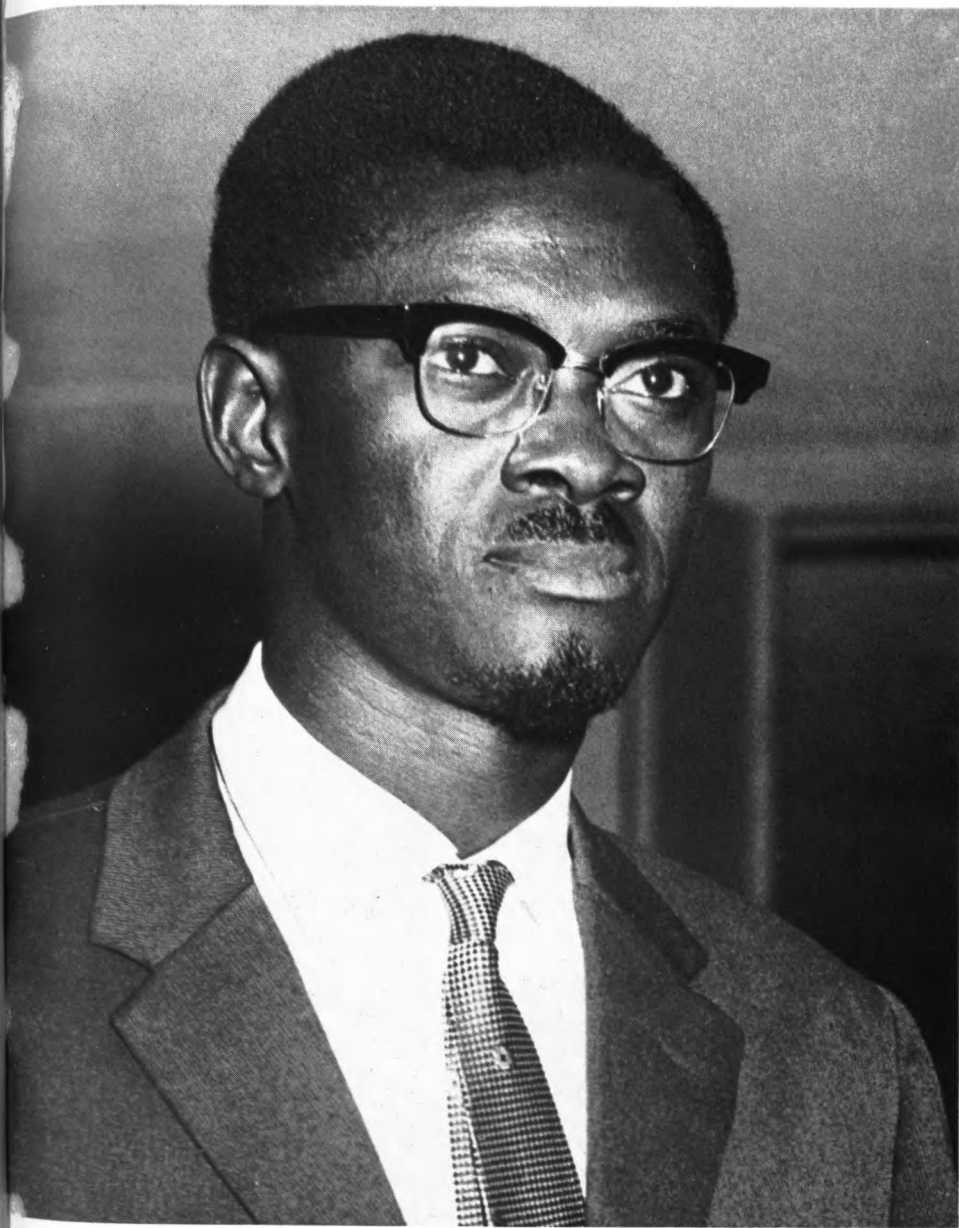
The Ghanaian Army, for example, was still commanded by British officers on a sort of lend-lease arrangement between England and Ghana's Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah. They needed the British officers until they could train officers of their own.

It seemed odd and inappropriate for the army of a free nation to be run by the officers of their former masters, but Lumumba realized that one day the Congo would face the same problem. The Force Publique, the Congo's army-police force, had no black commissioned officers at all. The highest rank any Congolese soldier held was sergeant.

Everywhere in Accra, Lumumba sensed a feeling of expectancy, of hope. In colonial times its economy had been based almost exclusively on a single crop, cocoa. Nkrumah had recognized the need of expanding into diverse fields and was building factories to produce soap, jute, cigarettes and cigars, insecticides, kitchen utensils, cement tiles, and various other products. People were still poor, but there was an air of confidence and pride about them.

As for the Conference, Lumumba found it *passionante*. (There is no equivalent for this word in English except the overworked and inexact "thrilling.") Delegations had come from all over Africa. Lumumba met Sekou Touré, President of Guinea, and nationalists from Kenya and Tanganyika on the east coast, with whom his knowledge of Swahili made it easy for him to converse. Another good friend he made at the Conference was a young Belgian economist, Jean Van Lierde, a conscientious objector whose great desire was to see the African states achieve their freedom by non-violent means.

The most dominant personality was undoubtedly the con-



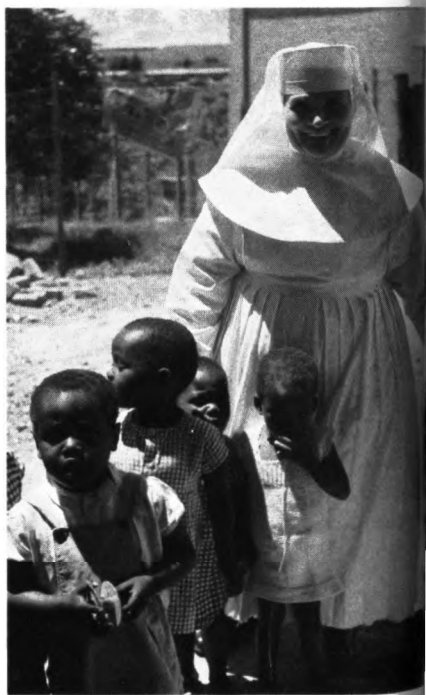
1 *Patrice Lumumba (United Nations)*



2 Ceremonial dance of the Batutsi in the eastern Congo. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)

4 Far fewer girls than boys were enrolled in primary school in Belgian Congo days.
(Charles Dessart)

3 Congolese miners at work 500 meters below the surface in a Katanga copper mine. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)





5 Life was beautiful for white people in the Belgian Congo. Vacationers on the shore of Lake Edward in the eastern mountains. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)

6 Boulevard Albert I in Leopoldville (later Kinshasa). (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)



7 Congolese boarding the ferry between Leopoldville (Kinshasa) and Brazzaville. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)





8 *Lovanium University in Leopoldville. This first university in the Belgian Congo opened in 1954, principally for sons and daughters of European residents, though Congolese were admitted provided they had the qualifications. (United Nations)*



9 *Wagemia fishermen lowering conical fish traps into the Congo rapids beyond Stanleyville, as they were doing long before the Europeans came. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)*



10 *Patrice Lumumba stands before judge at his trial in Stanleyville in January 1960. (Semal)*



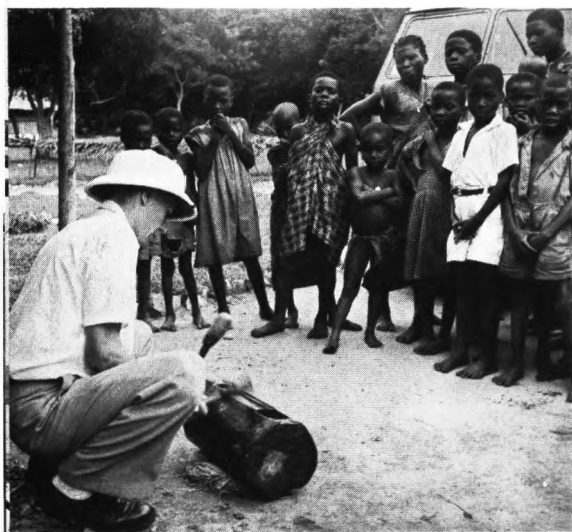
12 *Lumumba, arriving directly from prison in Jadotville to attend the Brussels Round Table Conference, is greeted by his colleagues Jean Finant and Victor Nen-daka (far right). (Belga)*

11 *While his colleagues were meeting at the Round Table in Brussels to discuss the Congo's future (in January 1960), Lumumba was dragged from his Stanleyville prison barefoot and without a shirt, for transfer to Jadotville. This photo was taken en route, at Elisabethville. (Camera Press Ltd.)*





13 A native market in Elisabethville, capital of Katanga and called "Queen of Copper" by the wealthy white residents. (United Nations)



14 André Ryckmans, son of a former Belgian Congo Governor General, was one of the few white officials who grasped the immense need of pre-independence education in self-government. Here he is re-educating children and youths in the language of the tam-tam. (Charles Dessart).



15 Belgian Prime Minister Gaston Eyskens shakes hands with Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba, after the signing of the Treaty of Friendship, June 29, 1960. Between them is Congolese Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko. (Belga)

16 Independence Day crowds awaiting the passage of King Baudouin and President Kasavubu. (Belga)



17 King Baudouin greets
General Emile Janssens,
Commander-in-Chief of the
Congo's Force Publique.
(Belga)



18 Prime Minister
Lumumba arrives at the
Palais des Nations for the
Independence Day
ceremonies. (Belga)



ference's host, Nkrumah. During the first days of the Conference, Lumumba detected Nkrumah watching him closely, but only toward the end did he become friendly. From then on, through better and worse, he treated Lumumba as an adopted son. The relationship between Nkrumah and Lumumba has been much discussed. Lumumba has been accused of being a satellite of Nkrumah, which was never true. As was his habit with all his friends, he recognized no faults in Nkrumah, but he would always make his own decisions.

On December 11, Lumumba addressed the Conference. He began speaking quietly and factually about the situation in the Congo, about how the Congolese had had no say at all in their Government until the minor concession of the 1957 municipal elections. He spoke with pride of the two-month-old MNC and of its aim to establish a modern democratic state that would assure liberty, peace, and justice for all. But when he spoke of the Conference he could not restrain his emotion:

This historical conference, which brings us in contact with qualified leaders of all the African countries and the entire world, reveals one thing to us: In spite of the frontiers that separate us, in spite of our ethnic differences, we have the same conscience, the same soul which bathes day and night in anguish, the same wish to make the African continent independent, happy and free of uncertainty, fear and colonial domination . . .

From the Conference he brought back a slogan: "Pan-Africanism and positive neutralism." This meant, in effect, that African countries should work together for their common good, and that their attitude toward non-African countries should be neutral. They would not become embroiled in white men's disputes, such as that between Western- and Eastern-bloc countries, but they would trade with, and accept aid from, any country which genuinely had their interests at heart. Nor would they accept domination from

any foreign nation. This slogan of "Pan-Africanism and positive neutralism" would serve as Lumumba's guide in all his future political thinking.

Ten thousand Congolese gathered in Leopoldville to hear the report on Accra on December 28, 1958. It was the first mass meeting called by the MNC and, in fact, the biggest political rally in Congolese history to date. Lumumba spoke for more than two hours, and was interrupted frequently with cheers. The audience was wildly enthusiastic but completely orderly.

Revolution, nonviolent and peaceful, had never seemed so close.

1959—YEAR OF CRISIS

Dear brothers, dear brothers, are you afraid?
Are you afraid of death?

— LUMUMBA

The year 1959 began grimly.

On the night of January 1, patrols of white civilians, heavily armed, paraded the streets of Leopoldville. They were the CVE (*Corps de Volontaires Européens*.) These “voluntary European patrols” had been in existence in all major cities of the Congo for many years. There was something about the Congo that inspired even the mildest Belgian youth to buy himself an arsenal. The Congolese always watched the patrols with hatred and fear. In their present mood, nothing could have been calculated to infuriate them more.

Joseph Kasavubu had scheduled a mass meeting of ABAKO on January 4, but at the last minute the Administration called it off. The crowd dispersed sullenly, highly indignant at this European interference in their own affairs. According to one account, as they poured down Prince Baudouin Avenue, a European petty official grossly insulted a Congolese. This may have been the spark which set on fire their smoldering resentment.

The crowd began overturning automobiles and breaking into shops. They invaded the Portuguese commercial quarter of Foncobel, where they set fires and pillaged stores. Sometime during the fray, Lumumba appeared with his

journalist friend Joseph Mobutu and tried vainly to restore calm. Then the Force Publique arrived and, on the orders of their commanding officer, General Émile Janssens, fired into the crowd.

It was three days before the trouble died down. The total casualties were given by the Administration as 42 dead and 250 wounded. A later estimate by the Congolese Government claimed 300 dead and 2000 wounded. On one point everyone agreed: All the casualties were Congolese.

At Camp Leopold II, just outside Leopoldville, General Janssens called his black soldiers together. The rioters were men with evil hearts, he said. "We killed them because they were thieves, because they were pillagers . . . These some 42 dead must serve as a lesson to those who were lucky enough to escape our bullets . . . If they don't keep quiet, we are ready to recommence the sport . . . Kasavubu has fled."

This bloodthirsty discourse was intended, and to some extent succeeded, in turning his troops against their own people, particularly those Janssens always spoke of disdainfully as "the politicians." A fervent believer in white superiority, he detested African nationalists.

After this largest riot in Belgian Congo history, stocks in Belgian colonial industries spiraled downward.

Kasavubu had, in fact, not fled. The Administration removed him from his post as burgomaster and arrested him, along with two other ABAKO officials. Lumumba promptly appealed for their release, but without success. After two months in prison, they were transferred to a plane for Brussels, where they lived as exiles for several weeks longer.

When King Baudouin heard about the riots, he decided on conciliatory measures. Over both Belgian and Congo radio stations, he made a formal statement on January 13: "Our firm resolution today is to lead, without funereal delays but without undue haste, the Congolese to independence in prosperity and peace."

The King's use of that hitherto forbidden word "independence" cause rejoicing among the Congolese, although the effect was dampened by the African translator, who gave his own interpretation: "The King says he cannot give you independence now because you are too stupid."

Many of the Belgian colonists felt that their king had stabbed them in the back. Belgian Government policy was, on the whole, more enlightened than the Congo Administration. Governor General Cornelis, who had replaced the idealistic Léon Petillon, had little understanding of the aspirations of the Congolese and sometimes ignored instructions from his superiors in Belgium.

The Belgian Government's increasingly flexible attitude toward eventual independence of the Congo was reflected in the appointment, in December 1958, of the extremely liberal Maurice van Hemelrijck. Lumumba was so impressed with the new Minister's progressive views that he advised the MNC membership to greet him with shouts of "Long live Van Hemelrijck. Long live independence!"

In the next months Van Hemelrijck traveled all over the Congo. He invited African leaders to meet with him, shook hands with them, and talked to them sanely and earnestly about the Congo's future. It was his feeling that in five years' time, they could be sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of administration to take over on their own, but that to do so sooner would be a mistake. Possibly he was right. But the white population of Bukavu, in Kivu Province, hissed him and threw tomatoes at him and flaunted placards reading, "Go home." There was also an incident in the Lower Congo when he was inadvertently photographed against a streamer that had the name of Baudouin crossed out and replaced with "Long live King Kasavubu!" Under pressure at home and in the Congo, he resigned in September 1959.

For Lumumba that year of 1959 was one of tremendous

activity and the most varied experiences. But his home life almost ceased to exist.

In March, he and his MNC vice-president, Cyrille Adoula, attended an international seminar in Ibadan, Nigeria, at the invitation of a Spanish poet and African enthusiast named Luis Lopez Alvarez, one of the organizers. Alvarez soon joined the small group of Lumumba's intimate and trusted white friends, which already included the two Belgians, Jean Van Lierde and Pierre Clément.

The Ibadan seminar, called "The Congress for Liberty and Culture," held study sessions each day. Lumumba was invariably the first to arrive in the morning. A journalist remarked: "One can easily see he has been trained by the Flemings; he is as punctual as a good schoolchild."

President Sekou Touré of Guinea was there along with several others Lumumba had met at Accra. He and Cyrille Adoula were the first Belgian Congolese that most of the delegates had ever met.

Before returning home, they went to Ife, site of the most advanced of all known black African civilizations, and saw the incredibly lovely Benin bronzes at the Museum of Nigerian Sculpture. Lumumba reflected that one of the little-mentioned effects of colonialism was the African's loss of identity with his past. The restoration of this identity, through the study of history and archaeology and culture, was added to his other dreams for the Congo of the future.

He made trips to other African countries in the next months, as well as several hasty voyages to Belgium, where he spoke to members of the Brussels branch of *Présence Africaine* and other audiences. Winning the support of the Belgian people for the Congo's emancipation seemed a necessity to him.

However, his major task was at home. In the name of the MNC, he went from one end of the Congo to the other. Everywhere he spoke of forthcoming independence and of the need for unity. His strongest support was in Stanley-

ville, where he set up headquarters in Mangobo, at the home of his youngest brother, Louis, who had followed him there.

In April, he attended the Congress of Luluabourg in Kasai Province, called for the purpose of unifying regional political parties. He found the city divided between warring factions of the Baluba and the Bena Lulua tribes.

This was not an ancient tribal dispute, as was sometimes reported, but had developed since the arrival of the Europeans. The Bena Lulua had once been part of the Baluba tribe in Katanga and were then friendly with them. They had migrated from Katanga to the Kasai, and some of the Baluba had followed. The Europeans of *Forminière*, the diamond mines, favored the Baluba, who were both excellent farmers and skilled craftsmen, and who were quick to adopt European ways. The Bena Lulua, in contrast, had long resisted sending their children to missionary schools. The Baluba began to patronize them and treat them with disdain. The Bena Lulua in turn accused the Baluba of taking their land and their jobs. Fights began to break out between them.

The president of the Kasai branch of the MNC was Albert Kalonji, who belonged to the Baluba and was a leader in their tribal associations. While he was in Luluabourg, Lumumba tried to mediate between him and the Bena Lulua leader, Alphonse Illunga. Temporarily, he succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation, but the rivalry was too deep-rooted for this reconciliation to be permanent. The Baluba-Bena Lulua situation would continue to plague Lumumba. It served as a disastrous example of what could happen if tribal loyalties took precedence over Congolese unity, which Lumumba advocated so strongly.

All during the first half of 1959, the MNC membership grew at an incredible rate, especially in Stanleyville and Orientale Province, but elsewhere as well. Lumumba rallied the support of large numbers of Congolese youth, for whom

life had been without economic security, without meaning, and without hope. They made the rounds of rural villages and African sections of the cities, signing up members in the tens of thousands. "A vote for the MNC is a vote for independence," the young men told the people. There were rumors that these ardent workers sometimes used force, but Lumumba denied such stories.

Internal conflict hit the MNC in July 1959. Cyrille Adoula, Joseph Ileo, and Joseph Ngalula, all founding members, decided that the MNC had become too much of a one-man show for their taste. They accused Lumumba of making decisions without consulting them, which may have been true. They did not resign; they merely rejected Lumumba's leadership of their organization.

All three, particularly Cyrille Adoula and Joseph Ileo, were highly intelligent men with a sincere wish to build an independent Congo. None had Lumumba's gift for winning over the masses. To fill this role they managed to convince Albert Kalonji, head of the Kasai MNC branch, to lead their wing of the MNC. Henceforth, there were two *Mouvements Nationaux Congolais*, the MNC-Kalonji and the MNC-Lumumba.

In August, the provincial government of Kasai arrested Kalonji on a trumped-up charge. Lumumba flew at once to Luluabourg, the provincial capital, to plead for his release. At a meeting he addressed, the audience cheered and shouted, "Long live Lumumba! Long live Kalonji! We are behind you, even in your misery." But there was no reconciliation between the two men. Once out of prison, Kalonji continued on his own course. In the end he proved a poor choice. He was a fluent orator, but his supporters were almost entirely limited to the Baluba of Kasai. Moreover, he was personally ambitious and would prove unscrupulous.

In spite of the defection, MNC-Lumumba continued to expand. The party began a newspaper called *Indépendance*, a mélange of accounts of meetings, appeals for volunteers,

digests of speeches, announcements of new branches, letters to the editors, articles about Lumumba, and poems by him. In all, it reflected the heady excitement of the young people involved in these activities.

Between October 23 and October 28, a national congress of the MNC-Lumumba was held in Stanleyville. There were many speeches and huge crowds. At the end of each meeting, Lumumba or one of his executive committee—Victor Nendaka, his new vice-president, Joseph Kasongo, president of the Orientale Province branch, and his efficient secretary, Bernard Salamu—urged the delegates to leave quietly, which they did. The Congress went off splendidly.

October 29 marked the opening of another Congress, held jointly by the MNC and members of four other political parties with similar aims. The largest of these was CERECA (*Centre de Regroupement Africain*), which had its headquarters in Bukavu, capital of Kivu Province. The president of CERECA was a dry, scholarly man of Hamite ancestry, named Anicet Kashamura, who called himself an African Socialist and who was a great admirer of Gandhi and Jean Jaurès, an antiwar French socialist assassinated in 1914.

That night Lumumba took Kashamura and several other delegates to an open-air meeting in the fishing village of Wangwana. Members of the Topoke, Wagenia, Bakumu, and Lokele tribes poured in from neighboring villages. In the warm night air, with torches flickering, there was an almost mystic communion between Lumumba and his audience.

"Lumumba will not deceive us, Lumumba will not die, Lumumba will triumph," chanted young girls in Swahili. "Lumumba is the man of hope."

His address to them took the form of questions, with their answers shouted in unison.

"What shall we do?"

"We must fight with our arrows. Better to die than to live under colonialism."

"And what would you do against the modern weapons of the colonists?"

"We are afraid of nothing. Cannons and bombs do not frighten us."

"Are you ready for death?"

"Yes, yes, our liberator."

That was the mood of the masses in and around Stanleyville in the late fall of 1959.

The next morning there were so many soldiers and police patrolling the African section of Mangobo, where the Congress was being held, that it was like an armed camp. Two delegates were roughed up and threatened with guns. Lumumba quickly sent a telegram to Provincial Governor Leroy, warning that such unprovoked acts might lead to trouble.

There was to be a general meeting that evening. As Lumumba conferred with the other delegates inside the headquarters, a crowd gathered outside to wait. Suddenly shots rang out. Lumumba rushed out with his colleagues, including a French journalist. Congolese, men and women, were lying on the ground, wounded or dying. Lumumba shouted vainly for a cease-fire.

There were 30 dead and 100 wounded that dreadful night, all Congolese. The next day Lumumba was arrested, charged with inciting a riot.

He was held in the European section of the Stanleyville prison and received certain privileges reserved for very important persons. He had his books, newspapers, clothes, typewriter. Instead of a cell, he was given a large room originally remodeled for a European woman prisoner and furnished with a good bed, several chairs and a table. It even had a small private court. He was allowed to have visitors whenever he wanted.

The MNC found not one but three lawyers for him, all

Europeans, all with distinguished reputations. Two were Belgians living in Stanleyville, Jacques Marrès and René Rom. The other, Jean Aubertin, was French. Neither this fine representation nor his knowledge of his own innocence quelled his apprehensions about the verdict of the trial.

To justify the arrest, Provincial Governor Leroy made a long declaration for distribution over the radio and to the press. In prison Lumumba wrote his rebuttal.

To the Governor's claim that he had incited a riot, Lumumba said that only the police had incited one. "If I had really wanted a riot, why would I have sent a telegram to the Governor when the police mistreated the Congolese?"

The Governor quoted Lumumba as saying, "We will march against Belgium."

Lumumba replied: "I have never said that I was going to march against Belgium or that we were going to march against Belgium, because I know that the overwhelming majority of the Belgian population in their home country is against the oppression of the blacks."

The Governor accused Lumumba of having received lessons in revolutionary techniques from abroad.

Lumumba denied it. "It is sufficient for a black to go to Europe or another African country for him to be accused of all possible and imaginary sins . . . When Belgian politicians go to America, Russia, France, Egypt, Arabia, China, Poland—are they accused of receiving 'lessons in revolutionary techniques'? Is it a sin to leave the Congo, to learn, to instruct oneself, to make contacts with other human beings?"

The Governor accused Lumumba of planning a march on the European part of Stanleyville.

Lumumba said, "The Governor has a big imagination."

There was much more in the same vein.

To Jean Van Lierde, he wrote asking for "twenty new books, the most interesting in the bookstore," to be sent by

air insured in care of his brother Louis, with the bill to himself.

Friends brought him news from the outside. A new political party was founded right after his arrest, the PNP' (*Parti National du Progrès*). It had the backing of the Administration, who were trying to recruit all the "good Congolese," those who would do whatever they were told. People had already nicknamed it the *Parti des Noirs Payés*, the Party of the Paid Negroes.

King Baudouin toured the Congo in December. When he reached Stanleyville, he was greeted with shouts, "Free Lumumba!"

Municipal elections were held in Stanleyville that month. Though the MNC had urged a boycott on the grounds that the elections were not representative, and though Lumumba was in prison, the people gave him 90 percent of their votes.

The most splendid news was an announcement by the Minister of the Congo that a round-table conference would be held in Brussels in January to give Congolese delegates a chance to discuss the Congo's future. It was tacitly admitted that plans for independence would be worked out at the Conference. This was the realization of a long dream for Lumumba and all the other African nationalists.

Lumumba's trial opened on January 18. In Brussels the Round Table Conference was just getting under way. For Lumumba, this was the cruelest punishment of all. He knew that he belonged at the Conference, that he was at least partially responsible for its being called. Instead, he had to sit in the dismal, humid courtroom, day after day, listening to evidence against him.

The prosecution based its case entirely on recorded tapes of Lumumba's speeches during the Stanleyville Congress, made secretly by police agents. The tapes recorded not only large open meetings, where foreign journalists were present, but small conferences between Lumumba and his

most trusted MNC staff. There was no explanation as to how these latter had been obtained. Day after day Lumumba sat and listened to his own voice come from the whirring discs. When he had spoken in Swahili, a French translation followed.

His three lawyers protested the illegality of using the tapes. They defended him brilliantly, but their efforts were useless. For his words and nothing else, Lumumba was found guilty and sentenced to six months of penal servitude. It was as though, by this last effort, the provincial administration was trying to stem the tide of independence, which they knew was now inevitable.

The next day Lumumba spent reading in his cell. Because of the heat, he had removed his shirt and was barefoot. The prison director walked in unexpectedly.

"We bring you bad news, Patrice," he said. "You are going to leave."

"You should have warned me at least a day in advance," Lumumba protested, "so I could pack my things and consult my lawyers."

"It's no longer a question of lawyers," the Director told him.

Then guards came and bound him with ropes and dragged him out to a waiting car. "Like a chimpanzee," Lumumba wrote later.

The car took him to a plane which landed in Elisabethville, capital of Katanga Province. Some Europeans were gathered at the airport. It was evident that they knew who he was. They laughed and jeered, and one of them photographed him just as he was, barefoot and in his undershirt. Still bound, he was carried, struggling, to another car. They drove him to the prison of Jadotville.

The walls of the Jadotville prison are four meters thick. A ditch and a net of barbed wire surround it. There is an inner court where one beautiful bougainvillea tree grows.

In Jadotville, Simon Kimbangu, the black Christian martyr, had died after thirty years of internment. For the rest, the prison was reserved for common criminals: thieves and murderers.

THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE

Today the Congo of Papa is finished.

—LUMUMBA

The Round Table Conference, which opened in Brussels in January 1960, was attended by eighty-one Congolese delegates: forty-three regulars and thirty-eight substitutes. The Belgian Minister of State, Auguste de Schrijver, was in charge of arrangements. The delegates were theoretically chosen on the basis of the popularity of their political parties in the local elections, but, partially because of the inconclusive nature of those elections, there were some inequities.

The ABAKO cartel, which included ABAKO, the PSA (*Parti Solidaire Africain*), and the splinter group, MNC-Kalonji, had eleven regular delegates. The pro-Belgian PNP also was allowed eleven regular delegates.

MNC-Lumumba had only three regular delegates. Their full delegation, regular and substitutes, consisted of Victor Nendaka, MNC vice-president; Joseph Mbuyi, national secretary; Joseph Kasongo, president of the Orientale Province branch; Jean Finant, Orientale Province vice-president; and Jean Yamba, president of the Katanga Province branch. Patrice Lumumba, their imprisoned president, was quite literally conspicuous by his absence.

BALUBAKAT, an association of the Baluba tribe in Katanga, and two other Katanga parties, had one regular delegate between them. A fourth Katanga party, CONA-

KAT, had two regular delegates, although its membership was considerably smaller than the BALUBAKAT group.

President of CONAKAT was Moise Tshombe, son of one of the few wealthy businessmen in the Congo. Tshombe had spent his inheritance in nightclubs, on flashy clothes and expensive American cars. With his engaging grin and his willingness to oblige, he had won the support of the wealthy white community of Elisabethville, Katanga's capital, which backed CONAKAT to the exclusion of the other Katanga parties.

Anicet Kashamura was the sole delegate for CERECA, the large Kivu Province party. Several other minor parties had only one regular delegate each.

Ten native chieftains were granted status as regular delegates. The Belgian Congo had long made it a policy to flatter and encourage these native rulers. They were useful in keeping order among their own people, and they could usually be counted on to collaborate with the Administration.

Though independence was now accepted in principle by the Belgians, there was a wide divergence of opinion as to the form this independence should take. The Belgian Socialists in Parliament, who had pressed for the Round Table, felt it was Belgium's moral duty to give the Congo back to its people with no strings attached. Others, with financial stakes in the country, hoped that the black leaders would be satisfied with important titles, big villas and big automobiles, and that they themselves could continue to run the country's economy. This same group also counted on party rivalries to divide the Congolese. The more responsible delegates decided this must not happen.

The day before the Conference opened, the entire Congolese delegation met at the Hotel Atlanta in Brussels and voted to form a common front. All agreed that in the common cause of independence, unity was essential—even the PNP and CONAKAT delegates and the chieftains. At the

first formal Round Table meeting, held on January 19 at the *Palais du Congrès*, Joseph Kasavubu read a statement for all of them. He not only pressed for immediate independence, but he insisted that the Round Table must not merely be a discussion group, that all decisions made there should be binding on the Belgian Government.

The Belgian ministers hedged about this latter demand, but the Congolese stood firm. Finally, on January 21, Minister of State Auguste de Schrijver promised to present all laws based on Round Table decisions to the Belgian Parliament, saying that if they were rejected he would resign his post. It was a first victory for the Congolese.

Later that day came word that Patrice Lumumba was sentenced to six months in prison. There was an uproar. The Congolese delegates unanimously demanded his release. Kasavubu spoke up strongly for him, as did Jean Bolikango, leader of the Leopoldville Bangala, and the MNC-Lumumba delegates threatened to walk out. The protests continued for three days, during which no work could be done. Then, on January 25, Minister de Schrijver announced:

"Monsieur Lumumba can leave Elisabethville today."

In fact, on De Schrijver's orders, Lumumba had already been released and was on his way by plane to Brussels. Once again the Congolese had won a victory through unity. That day, Kasavubu left the Conference and went to Paris, for reasons never made clear.

The entire MNC-Lumumba delegation were waiting at the airport for Lumumba, along with reporters and photographers and crowds of well-wishers. Among them was Joseph Mobutu, the former Force Publique sergeant, who was studying journalism in Brussels. He was an ardent volunteer worker for the MNC and had even sacrificed the sheets on his bed to make banners, painted in black letters: "Long live Lumumba! Long live the MNC! Long live the Congo!"

The plane landed at last, and Lumumba walked down

the ramp. Friends in Elisabethville had supplied him with a suit, shoes, shirt, and a tie. He looked well-groomed but very thin, and there were bandages on his wrists. His fellow delegates, the only ones admitted on the landing field, surrounded him, clapping him on the back and embracing him. His face broke into a smile. From their distance, photographers snapped the scene.

A few minutes later, Mobutu and his other friends were greeting him. Jean Van Lierde kissed him on both cheeks in the French—and Belgian—manner. He had brought Albert Kalonji with him, and he and Lumumba shook hands as though there were no differences between them.

At the airport exit an old Belgian woman was standing patiently with a bouquet of flowers. She thrust them into Lumumba's arms.

"I am only one poor woman," she told him, "but there are millions of others like myself. In their name I want to salute a fighter for freedom."

He was so overwhelmed that he could not speak.

The press were deluging him with questions, but two of his friends led him away. They had made an appointment for him with a doctor, feeling he should have a physical examination after his prison experience. The doctor changed the bandages on his wrists and cleansed wounds caused by the handcuffs forced on him during his transfer to Jadotville. When the physician had him strip to the waist, his friends noticed long diagonal scars across his back, some fresh and raw, others partially healed. They asked him what had happened.

"Forget it," Lumumba said with an embarrassed shrug. "It has no importance." That was all they could get out of him.

Later they took him to the Cosmopolite, a moderate-priced hotel where the MNC delegation were staying. The delegates had decided no one but themselves should see him that afternoon, but a group of native chieftains sent

up word from the hotel lobby that they wanted to present their greetings. Victor Nendaka, who took the call, was about to send them away. Lumumba insisted on seeing them.

They entered hesitantly. One of them stepped forward, and Lumumba, smiling, held out his hand. The chieftain kissed it and fell to his knees. Three others did the same thing. Lumumba, stunned, helped them to rise. Some of these men were descended from the rulers of the Congo's ancient kingdoms. The Belgians had been sure they were on their side. Now they were paying homage to a peasant's son.

Until three o'clock that night, Lumumba worked on his speech for the next day. Delegates wandered in and out of his room, sometimes barefoot and in pajamas. With difficulty, they persuaded him to go to bed. He was up by six, before any of them. They had breakfast together in the hotel dining room. Lumumba was all impatience to get to the Conference. His friends argued it would make a better impression if he arrived after the others were seated. He kept looking at his watch. "May I go now?" he asked plaintively every five minutes.

At last he was standing in the meeting hall of the *Palais du Congrès*, before his Congolese friends and rivals, before the leading statesmen of Belgium, delivering the speech he had prepared the night before:

I would like first to thank the Belgian people who have rejected a policy of repression in the Congo . . . The MNC takes note with immense satisfaction of the recognition of the principle of immediate independence . . . I mention also that my liberation makes no sense until all the other Congolese political prisoners have been liberated . . .

When Kasavubu returned on January 31, he found that Lumumba had supplanted him as the leading Congolese delegate. The Belgians recognized this. Inevitably, there

were some who courted him, hoping for future favors, and others who tried to sabotage him.

Ten days later, the Round Table set the date for independence—June 30, 1960—less than five months away. Lumumba called a meeting of the delegates and their friends to celebrate. That night he was bubbling over with his love for the Belgians:

It is a historic date for our dear and beautiful country. For eighty years Belgium has helped the Congo. For eighty years the Congo population has been in permanent contact with the Belgians . . . But as in all human enterprise, all must evolve . . . A ditch was widening between Belgians and Congolese . . . What has taken place these last years we must consider as a page of history . . . Independence does not mean a rupture with Belgium nor the expulsion of the Belgians from the Congo . . . Those who wish to stay will have our most sincere friendship.

The real work of the Round Table began after that—the planning of the transfer of powers and the structure of the new Government.

Lumumba insisted on the need for a strong central government. Nearly all the delegates supported him, even Kasavubu, who sometimes spoke of establishing a separate state for the Bakongo. Without exception, the Belgian ministers at the Conference agreed that the Congo must be strong, that it must be unified, that separate tribes must work together and forget their differences.

The Baluba of the MNC-Kalonji agreed to this too. They promised to try to get along with the Bena Lulua, though they had reason to feel disgruntled. Following further disturbances in the Kasai, the provincial government was evacuating the Balubas from the region of Luluabourg. There were already some 35,000 of these refugees, among which 20,000 had been transferred to Bakwanga in the southern Kasai.

The most discordant note in the planning period came

from Moise Tshombe of CONAKAT. All the delegations had European lawyers. Even Lumumba, who knew a great deal about law through a correspondence course he had taken, consulted a lawyer privately at times. Tshombe, however, had several lawyers, including Maître Jean Humblé, who was also legal adviser to *Union Minière du Haut Katanga*. Humblé and his colleagues stayed at Tshombe's side at every meeting, passed him notes constantly, and gave him documents to read, which it was obvious he had never seen by the way he stumbled over the legal terminology. It was all very embarrassing and annoying.

In the midst of the Conference, Tshombe flew off to Elisabethville to confer with his white friends in the mining industry. On his return, he proposed that each province be granted the revenues of its own natural resources and that financing of the central government be by "voluntary contributions" from the separate provinces.

Only Katanga would profit by this. Approximately two thirds of the Congo Administration's annual revenue consisted of taxes and revenues from the mining combines of Katanga. In 1954, *Union Minière du Haut Katanga* alone paid nearly 2,400,000,000 francs to the Congo Administration. The mine owners had deeply resented giving all this money to the Belgian Congo; they sometimes referred to Leopoldville as "the capital of leeches." They were even less inclined to support a Congolese government. With Tshombe's cooperation, they hoped to get free of this responsibility.

The other delegates at the Conference were all outraged. Cyrille Adoula, of the MNC-Kalonji, protested Tshombe's proposal strongly. Lumumba spoke even more forcefully. "Maître Humblé is uselessly prolonging our debate," he said. "Each time it is a matter of a new objection to a reasonable solution." He demanded that all European advisers be asked to leave, and in protest left the hall himself.

Tshombe, who seemed utterly astonished at the disturb-

ance he had created, rushed after him. No one heard what he said, but Lumumba scowled and slapped him. For Lumumba, Tshombe was a traitor to his own people.

When Tshombe returned to Elisabethville, he confided to an American newspaperman that Lumumba was a Communist. He would keep repeating this, over and over again. The accusation was totally false and, coming from Tshombe, an African, ridiculous. There was, so far as anyone has ever been able to discover, not a single Communist in the whole of the Congo at the time. Tshombe attached this label to Lumumba because he was smart enough to realize it would tarnish the latter's reputation among Western nations.

Paradoxically, it was during these days of the Round Table Conference that Lumumba outlined his very un-Communist attitude toward foreign investments in the Congo. Foreign investments would be needed for a long time to come, he said. These investments would be welcome from any country or persons who showed a genuine desire to help the Congolese economy. Among the potential investors he numbered the United States, France, West Germany, and Italy, as well as the Soviet Union, but he reserved priority for Belgium. It would be folly, he believed, to "Congolize" the mining industry at a time when its several thousand Belgian employees were irreplaceable—by Congolese or foreigners. The one reservation he made was that none of these investors, not the Belgians nor those of any other nation, should play any political role in an independent Congo.

The disagreement between Tshombe and Lumumba and the other delegates was temporarily smoothed over, and the work of the Conference went on. With the Round Table sessions, supplementary meetings and conferences, and the preparation of speeches, Lumumba was on a near twenty-four-hour schedule.

The presence of the Congolese in Brussels aroused con-

siderable sympathy and interest. They were invited to receptions, official and semiofficial. However, there was a negative side to the Belgian response. A conservative newspaper published photographs showing Congolese dancing with Belgian women, with the implication that this was something monstrous. For a while, Lumumba employed a young Belgian woman journalist named Elyane Vermeirsch as his secretary, and this caused a minor scandal too. Once he and two colleagues hired a taxi and drove to Paris to spend a couple of days with his Spanish poet friend, Luis Lopez Alvarez, who was ill with the flu. There is no record as to the amount of the taxi fare.

The MNC always seemed to have funds, and that also brought criticism. Membership dues accounted for part of those funds. In addition, there were contributions, some from sympathizers, others from people who hoped to gain something for themselves. Acting on the advice of his Belgian friends, Lumumba accepted what came their way, but did not feel obliged to render favors for it. Later he said that the Belgian authorities gave him three million francs to "keep an eye on Kasavubu," all of which promptly went into the MNC coffer. People gradually learned that neither he nor his MNC were for sale.

With five other delegates and Minister de Schrijver, he worked on the committee which drew up the provisional constitution for the future Congo republic. Like the Belgian Constitution, this constitution was called the *Loi Fondamentale*, or Fundamental Law, and it was almost an exact replica of the Belgian Constitution. It seemed to occur to no one that any other form of government might be better suited for Congolese needs.

By the *Loi Fondamentale*, the Congo republic would have a parliament made up of two houses. The Chamber of Deputies would be elected by universal suffrage and would have one deputy for approximately 100,000 people, a total of 137. The Senate would be composed of fourteen senators

from each province and would be elected by the provincial assemblies. Each of the six provinces would have its own assembly and its own president. Both provincial and central government elections were scheduled for May.

The Congo republic would have a head of state, or president, to be elected at a joint session of the two houses of parliament. His duties would correspond to those of the King of Belgium. Minister de Schrijver suggested that King Baudouin be given this near-honorary post, but the Congolese delegates, particularly those from the MNC, ABAKO and PSA, opposed this idea vigorously.

They did agree to let the Belgian King choose a *formateur*. The *formateur* would have the task of drawing up the slate of the cabinet—the prime minister and the other ministers who, if approved by parliament, would run the government. As in Belgium, the prime minister would be the true head of the government. It was understood that this *formateur* would be the person whose party had the majority of votes in the elections.

It was also agreed that the Belgians would immediately set up an executive college to initiate Congolese to their new responsibilities. Six members of this college would work with the governor general in the central administration. Each provincial governor would have three additional college members assigned to him. This was almost the total extent of Belgium's commitment to equipping the Congolese for running their own government. In truth, there was not time to do much more.

The Round Table Conference ended on February 20. "To-day we are going to forget all the faults of the past, all the causes of our disagreements, so that we shall only see that marvelous future ahead of us," said Lumumba at the last session.

A reception was held for the Congolese at the Royal Palace. Only Kasavubu did not attend. The King spoke, as did Belgian Prime Minister Gaston Eyskens. "The task has

been accomplished . . . in an atmosphere of mutual trust and confidence almost without parallel in history," he said.

Two days later, King Baudouin received a letter signed by two hundred Belgian Congo officials and veterans, protesting against "the hasty liquidation of the Congo."

RACE AGAINST TIME

We return home with independence in our pockets.

— LUMUMBA

An immense crowd was waiting at Leopoldville's Ndjili airport to welcome the delegates home: warriors with painted faces carrying bows and arrows and shields and spears, costumed dancers, men bearing flags and banners. Jean Bolikango, the Bangala leader, was the first to step from the plane. He raised his hand in Winston Churchill's "V for Victory" salute, and thunderous applause broke out. Each delegate was mobbed by his own following.

Lumumba's supporters closed around him, coiffed him with the leopard-skin headdress of the Batetela warriors, and carried him on a green leather sedan chair to a waiting limousine. Pauline was there too, with his three children. His little boys wore navy-blue blazers like English schoolchildren. Pauline had her hair wrapped in a silk turban; she was dressed in an ankle-length *pagne* of a new material printed with the words "Independence" and "*Uhuru*"—the Swahili word for "independence"—intertwined.

Lumumba and Pauline moved into a spacious European villa on Boulevard Albert I, which had previously been occupied by the Belgian mayor of the Leopoldville commune. Briefly, they could be a family again. Much too briefly, Lumumba could take up his neglected responsibilities as husband and father. He loved his wife and took pride in his children. He knew it was his duty to help

expand their young minds, to train them to be good and wise citizens. There would never be enough time, but he was haunted by guilt all the same.

To celebrate his return, he invited some close friends to a banquet. In an after-dinner speech he stressed the spirit of understanding which the Belgian officials had shown at the Round Table and added:

We enter into a phase of construction. We wish to achieve it, not *against* the Europeans but *with* them . . . The Europeans here must be considered as technicians and artisans of economic progress. We must tell our people that it is not a question of throwing stones but of welcoming Europeans and showing them hospitality.

On March 14, Governor General Cornelis named the six Congolese who would work with him as members of an "executive college," in accordance with the Round Table decision. They were Patrice Lumumba, Joseph Kasavubu, Anicet Kashamura of CERE, Paul Bolya of PNP, Rémy Mwamba of the Katanga BALUBAKAT, and Pierre Nyangwile, representing MNC-Kalonji.

One of their first decisions, made on March 25, 1960, was to pass legislation outlawing civilian vigilantes. Civilians were forbidden to carry arms or to leave them in an automobile. Civilians were not to take over any functions of the army and police, nor to parade in uniform bearing arms, nor carry "objects dangerous to public safety" at meetings and demonstrations.

Governor General Cornelis supported this legislation, and General Émile Janssens, commanding officer of the Force Publique, approved it. The Congolese celebrated the news, for to them it meant an end to the *Corps de Volontaires Européens*, the armed patrols of white civilians they so feared and hated, though actually the legislation was aimed mainly at the private "police" forces which certain of the major Congolese parties had established.

The political campaigning for the forthcoming elections had to be done in addition to, and sometimes to the detriment of, the work of the Executive College.

Lumumba returned in triumph to Stanleyville, which he had left under force and in handcuffs. His MNC supporters presented him with a large white convertible of an American make. "The partisans of Lumumba offered him a very democratic automobile," a Belgian paper commented satirically.

A banquet was given in his honor, attended by Orientale Province Governor Leroy, the man who had brought charges against him. "I am happy to see Monsieur Lumumba again in Stanleyville," the Governor said. "My hope is that the past will be quickly forgotten. Now we must collaborate in a spirit of frankness, understanding, and fraternity." Some Belgians living in Stanleyville accused the Governor of showing a lack of dignity before the blacks.

A few days later, Victor Nendaka, the MNC vice-president, announced his resignation. Glibly he explained his defection to the press: "I have serious reasons to believe that Monsieur Lumumba is of the extreme left." Asked to give proof of this statement, he merely looked mysterious.

Anicet Kashamura could have said to Lumumba, "I told you so." As far back as the Stanleyville Congress he had warned Lumumba that Nendaka was "a doubtful individual." But Lumumba had refused to listen.

On April 3, Lumumba presided over a congress in Lulua-bourg in the Kasai, easily rallying to the MNC the Bena Lulua, his own Batetela, and other small tribes, but not the Baluba of MNC-Kalonji. They and the Bena Lulua were now carrying on open guerrilla warfare. At least one Belgian correspondent put a large part of the blame on the Europeans:

The mentality of the Europeans in the Kasai is pitiful . . . In Leopoldville, certain whites admit the fact of Congolese independence . . . In the Kasai, I have not yet met one—I

insist, not one—who in his conversation does not call the blacks monkeys and other like terms . . . One must emphasize their ambiguous attitude: Not daring to oppose the evolution of the moment, they excite the Congolese against each other, trying to provoke personal or tribal rivalries . . . It is evidently done discreetly . . . but the fact is there.

The correspondent may have exaggerated the role of white provocation at this stage of the Baluba-Bena Lulua conflict, but his article gives an indication of the contempt with which many colonists regarded the Congolese, not only in the Kasai region but throughout the interior of the Congo.

From the Kasai, Lumumba went to Coquilhatville, capital of Équateur Province. This pretty Congo River port town, lying on the Equator, had always been known as a peaceful place. Lumumba's reception was friendly.

With Anicet Kashamura, Lumumba arrived in Bukavu, capital of Kivu, Kashamura's home province, to a touching display of affection. At an open meeting a chorus of students, workers, and young girls chanted in Swahili:

Our country is beautiful,
Everyone knows it.
Lumumba is a fine man,
Everyone loves him.
Kashamura is a fine man,
Everyone trusts him.

But all the demonstrations, all the enthusiasm of the people, could not hide the fact that this transitional period was a difficult one. The Congo Administration no longer had the ability or the will to enforce its old system of law and order. During the electioneering, some party members on a local level set a bad example by resorting to bullying both blacks and whites. Conscientious leaders like Lumumba could exhort their people to discipline but had no power to enforce it. The majority of whites living in the

Congo, colonists and minor officials alike, were indifferent to the crying need for preparatory training in self-government.

Two young Belgians—Antoine Saintraint, territorial administrator of Madimba in the Lower Congo, and his assistant, André Ryckmans, son of a former governor general—were exceptions. They were aghast at the lack of preparation for independent rule among the 150,000 Africans in their territory. On April 5, they decided to hand over administration to the Congolese and stay on to guide and help them. Ryckmans, “very young, very pale, very calm,” explained his plan to about a hundred of them in their native Kikongo language, and they were delighted. But the plan never got under way. The Congo Administration reprimanded both young men for what they called “outright sabotage,” and the provincial governor, who supported them, was recalled.

The lack of accord between the Congo Administration and the Belgian Government, as well as the lack of a consistent policy of either, became painfully evident. The Government passed a new statute calling for a single pay scale for all civil servants, European and Congolese alike. They sent some 300 Congolese students to Brussels to take crash training programs in administration. But then the Belgians appointed a new and unpopular Minister to the Congo, Ganshof Van der Meersch, reputed to be a strong man who would protect Belgian interests. They also sent three companies of infantry to add to their already large forces at the huge army bases of Kitona, in the Lower Congo, and Kamina, in Katanga.

Alarmed, Lumumba protested: “No more foreign troops in the Congo,” and without success proposed that the Executive College be immediately transformed into a provisional government.

A military training school was set up at Luluabourg for the purpose of giving officers’ training to Congolese soldiers

in the Force Publique. But General Émile Janssens consented to appoint ten qualified men as adjutants (equivalent to sergeant-major), only after a bitter dispute with Governor General Cornelis. Janssens refused, point-blank, to give a single Congolese the rank of second lieutenant, because of "reasons of education and standing."

In the newspaper *Solidarité Africaine*, published by the militant PSA party, one soldier wrote: "Dear political leaders . . . we hope you will do your best to see that the poor soldiers are as independent as other Congolese. All adjutants should be replaced by Congolese. We will not agree to work in any way with officers who have shown their bad faith, from General Janssens down to the most junior."

It was an ominous warning, which no one heeded.

Both the Congolese leaders and the Belgian Government were well aware that the smooth functioning of the future republic would require that colonial officials stay on as advisers. On March 21, the Belgian Parliament passed a law that any career official who deserted his post after independence would be penalized by losing the benefits of his years of service, unless "for reasons independent of their control they were placed in a position where it is impossible for them to continue their work in Africa."

Many of these officials, perhaps the majority, were bitterly opposed to working under the Congolese and accused the Government of "selling them to the Congo." Though none wished to risk their careers, there was a great deal of packing and shipping in those preindependence months. Families who had lived in the Congo for years began crating all their accumulated possessions and sending them back to Belgium. Their motives were probably mixed between fear, uncertainty and out-and-out racism.

"We think that the Belgian Government is under an illusion if they think that all their personnel is going to stay," wrote a journalist in the Brussels newspaper *Libre Belgique*, on May 5. "We have every reason to believe that three

quarters of them will have gone before the end of the year."

Early in May the six members of the Executive College went to Elisabethville, in Katanga, on a visit, and found themselves in a hotbed of plots and counterplots. Lumumba was warned of a plan to assassinate him. For once he took precautions and spent the night with a fellow tribesman and relative named Victor Lundula.

Lundula had started his career as a nurse, a high post for a Congolese under Belgian rule. During World War II, he was recruited into the army and served with Allied forces in Burma. Since 1959 he had been burgomaster (mayor) of an African commune in Jadotville. He was a capable, trustworthy man, and Lumumba may even then have been thinking that he would be useful in the future Congo government.

The next day Lumumba and the other members of the Executive College were treated to a review of the Force Publique, presented by General Janssens. In unison, the troops sang a song composed by their Belgian general:

After centuries of slavery
The Belgians saved us from the tomb;
And now with a smile on its face,
Our country emerges from the tomb.

The verse was as poor as the sentiments were inappropriate.

Janssens did not like Lumumba, but he disliked Kasavubu even more. "So long as you have a Chinaman like Kasavubu in power, your country will be in grave difficulty," he said on one occasion. "You should hang Kasavubu. You should keep Lumumba in prison."

The elections began on May 11. The turnout at the polls amazed everyone. Even some of the politically unsophisticated Pygmies voted. In Katanga, CONAKAT won 25 seats in the assembly, compared to 23 seats for the BALUBAKAT,

though the BALUBAKAT actually had more votes (110,191 to 104,871 for CONAKAT). In Orientale Province, MNC won 58 seats out of 70 in the assembly.

In the national elections, no party obtained a majority, but MNC and its allies won 41 out of the 137 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, more than any other party. In a personality poll held in Orientale Province, Lumumba was far ahead of everyone. The Belgians, who had hoped for a victory of their "moderate" PNP party, were deeply disappointed.

According to the Round Table decision, it was now the task of King Baudouin to appoint a *formateur* to form a government. Minister of the Congo, Ganshof Van der Meersch, who acted as the King's adviser in this matter, stalled, hoping that a coalition of moderates could be rallied to form a majority over the MNC. On June 11, he finally announced that Lumumba was appointed not *formateur* but *informateur*, that is, he was to inform the King whether it was possible to form a government. When six days passed and Lumumba still had not mustered a majority of the deputies, Minister Van der Meersch appointed Kasavubu as *formateur*.

The injustice of this devious rigmarole caused a swing toward Lumumba. Kasavubu also found it impossible to gain the support of a majority of the deputies. Van der Meersch had to yield. Lumumba became *formateur*. By a large majority, the Chamber of Deputies voted to support a government he selected.

"Mr. Patrice Lumumba is living proof that events create men as much as men create events," said the London *Times* on June 15. "This tall, slender young man with the little moustache and goatee beard and large gesticulating hands, glows conviction from behind his spectacles . . . A keen intelligence and a natural instinct impel him to take the initiative always . . . The Belgians will have to be exceedingly clever to outsmart Mr. Lumumba."

Lumumba was ready to announce his government on June 23. It was composed of twenty-seven ministers and ten secretaries of state. The Belgians had wanted him to keep the total down to ten, but with the problem of seeing that most parties and provinces were represented and that, at the same time, there would be enough qualified men to carry on their heavy responsibilities, Lumumba was forced to enlarge his government to this ungainly size.

Lumumba was Prime Minister and also Minister of Defense. His Deputy Prime Minister was Antoine Gizenga of the *Parti Solidaire Africain*. Pierre Mulele, also of the PSA, was Minister of Education. Maurice Mpolo, a cheerful and tireless young man who was the son of an elephant hunter from Inongo, was Minister of Youth and Sports. Thomas Kanza, the Congo's first college graduate, was Minister Ambassador to the United Nations.

Justin Bomboko from Coquilhatville was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Rémy Mwamba, a BALUBAKAT leader from Katanga, was Minister of Justice. Christophe Gbenye of Orientale Province was Minister of the Interior. Albert Delvaux, a mulatto and member of PNP, was Minister Resident in Belgium. In appointing Delvaux, Lumumba's friends claimed he was being too generous; Delvaux had launched some vicious attacks against him in the election campaign.

Joseph Mobutu, the journalist, was one of the Secretaries of State. ABAKO was represented by the Minister of Finance and another Secretary of State; and CONAKAT, by the portfolios of the Minister of Economic Affairs and a third Secretary of State.

There was something for almost every party—except MNC-Kalonji—but not everyone was satisfied. That would have been to achieve the impossible.

On June 23, the same day Lumumba announced his government, senators and deputies held elections for the head of state, also in accord with the provisional constitution set up at the Round Table. Two candidates were presented:

Joseph Kasavubu of ABAKO, and Jean Bolikango of PUNA, the Bangala party. Kasavubu won by an overwhelming vote of 159 to 43. Like the King of Belgium, his position was one of prestige. Lumumba was to be the real head of the government.

To dramatize the changes in store for his people, Lumumba had already asked the Congo Administration to reduce all sentences of prisoners and to grant amnesty to those serving terms of three years or less. Even this was too much. The Administration stalled until it was too late.

On June 29, 1960, a Treaty of Friendship was signed by Minister of Foreign Affairs Justin Bomboko and Lumumba for the Congolese, and Belgium's Minister of Foreign Affairs Pierre Wigny and Prime Minister Eyskens. According to the treaty, Belgium promised that all personnel at present serving in the Congo would be at the disposal of the Congolese Government. In return, the Congo Government agreed to permit the Belgians to retain their military bases manned by Belgian troops at Kitona and Kamina, on the condition that the troops in these bases could be used in the Congo only at the express command of Lumumba, as Minister of Defense. Neither side attached too much importance to this latter clause at the time.

The Belgian King appointed Jean Van den Bosch as Belgian Ambassador to the Congo. Clare Timberlake became the first American Ambassador. The new nation named itself the Republic of the Congo, arousing some anger in the French Congo, not yet wholly independent, which had the same name. Later, to avoid confusion, the former Belgian Congo would become the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

In this country of over thirteen million which was about to launch a modern government, there were not more than forty or fifty Congolese college graduates. There was not a single Congolese doctor, engineer, or magistrate. There was fighting between the Baluba and the Bena Lulua. There

were conspiracies in Katanga. Trained Belgian personnel had their trunks packed and were ready to run. Rumors were being spread among the uneducated that after independence, their belongings would pass to the Congolese.

One thought sustained everyone. If trouble came, there was always the Force Publique, that splendidly disciplined army of black soldiers under European officers. It was "unique in the history of decolonization," wrote a Belgian journalist, ". . . that a colonial army, integrally and without transition, passes to the service of a new independent state."

"A long tradition of civic and moral education has made of this body an institution which exists in no other colonized or formerly colonized country," said Minister de Schrijver back in March of 1960.

"We enter into the new state, head high, heart confident, muscles strong, ready for all sacrifices so that the Congo can live in order and peace," General Janssens grandiloquently told soldiers belonging to a race he considered inferior to his own.

Lumumba could only agree that the Force Publique was splendid, though he said wistfully, "The Congo will be truly independent only if, after independence, it handles its own administration, with its own army directed by its own sons."

Later, with the wisdom that comes after the event, political thinkers would say that the trouble with the Force Publique was that it had not been part of the independence struggle. On the contrary, the Belgians had used the Force against the nationalist leaders, to break up their demonstrations, sometimes bloodily, and to arrest them. Now, on the verge of independence, Africans in the society at large were reaping the benefits of prestige and government posts. The Congolese soldiers in the Force Publique, in spite of the handsome compliments showered on them, were no better off than before. In their pay and rank, in their relation to their white officers, they were the lowest of the low.

THE DAY OF INDEPENDENCE

JUNE 30, 1960

All our fourteen million inhabitants share our joy.

— LUMUMBA

There was considerable discussion among the Congolese as to whether King Baudouin should be invited to attend the independence ceremonies. One minister pointed out that it would be the same as if the Americans had invited King George III to attend the signing of their Declaration of Independence. He was overruled in the general feeling that a new era of Belgian-Congolese friendship was at hand. The invitation went out to the King on June 26, and his ministers relayed his acceptance the next day.

The royal Belgian airplane brought the King and his party to Ndjili airport on June 29. In the motorcar cavalcade to Leopoldville, Kasavubu rode at the side of King Baudouin in the official Pontiac. Both were equal now in rank. Both were heads of state, with the difference that Kasavubu's Congo was nearly eighty times the size of Baudouin's tiny Belgium.

The young King smiled at the cheering people who lined the highway. Kasavubu held up his hand in a stately gesture. In the city, decorated with flags of all nations, immense crowds shouted in a delirium of joy. Along the Boulevard Albert I, General Janssens' Force Publique formed a solid hedge.

One man darted through them and reached the slow-moving car. Suddenly he seized the King's sword and held it aloft in the manner of a triumphant warrior. The King sat stunned, as though he could not believe a world where such a thing could happen.

The sword was quickly recovered and the procession continued, but the Congolese who witnessed the scene were puzzled. By African thinking, a chief who lets his weapon be taken is dishonored. That night they gathered in their cafés in the African quarters and discussed the affront to the Belgian King and how strange it was that he had taken it so passively. "What is he afraid of?" someone asked. "Does he think our ministers will eat him for dinner?"

The official ceremonies opened at eleven the next morning in the rotunda of the *Palais des Nations*, overlooking the wide waters of the Congo and the green hills of Brazzaville beyond. The hall was filled to the galleries. There were the new members of Parliament, diplomats from all over the world, scores of journalists, high-ranking officials, black and white. Against a background of dark business suits, there were splendid uniforms, gaudy with medals; chieftains with feathered headdresses; and a relatively few women in bright *pagnes* or sophisticated Western gowns.

There was a delegate from Rwanda, one of the tall Batutsi in a long blue cape and carrying a blue-and-white cane. There was the short, jovial-appearing Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President of the "autonomous republic" of the former French Congo. (They would not be fully independent until August 15, 1960.) Dr. Ralph Bunche was there to represent the United Nations. President Eisenhower had sent a gift to the new republic, a bust of Abraham Lincoln.

Lumumba walked down the aisle to loud applause and sat with his ministers. He wore a wide scarlet band across his chest, the Ribbon of the Order of the Crown, presented to him by the Belgian King. There was more applause as the two heads of state took their places on the rostrum.

President Kasavubu also wore a decoration presented by the King, the Ribbon of Leopold. King Baudouin, tall and slender, in the white uniform of a lieutenant general of the Belgian Army, was holding his sword firmly.

From the open windows came cries of "Dipenda!", the Congolese version of the word "independence." At regular intervals the Congolese artillery fired cannon salutes.

The King began his speech. Lumumba took notes, his face grim. He liked the King—everyone did—but he had not liked that speech when he read a copy of it the night before, and he liked it even less now:

Monsieur President, Gentlemen,

The independence of the Congo is the climax of the work conceived by the genius of King Leopold II, undertaken by him with tenacious courage . . .

King Baudouin's loyalty to his royal ancestor was understandable to most Africans. Still, was it tactful to extol the man whose genius in their eyes was his ability to make billions from rubber and ivory, exacted at the cost of so many Congolese lives?

For eight years, Belgium has sent the best of her sons on Congo soil, first, to deliver the Congo Basin from the odious slave trade . . . afterwards to bring together ethnic groups formerly enemies . . .

And had they no other motives, these best of Belgium's sons? What about the estimated three tons of industrial diamonds extracted from the soil of southern Kasai in the fifty years of Belgian Congo rule? What about the 5,500,000 tons of copper, the 500,000 tons of cobalt, and all the other products yielded from Katanga in the same period?

The Congo has been given a dowry of railroads, highways, maritime and air services . . .

And were they not all constructed with Congolese labor for the benefit of the colony?

It is for you, gentlemen, to whom the Congo now belongs, to show us that we are right to have confidence in you . . . Independence will require all your efforts and sacrifices . . . Do not compromise your future by hasty reforms, and do not replace the cadres Belgium leaves you, so long as you are not certain of doing better . . .

This was not an Independence Day discourse directed to the high officials of a rich and potentially great country. It was a lecture, a stern admonition to the Congolese children to watch their step. Was it conceivable King Baudouin understood nothing of the wind of change sweeping across the Congo, across Africa? Were they still to him the "Congo of Papa"?

Lumumba might have let his attention wander. He did not need the King or anyone else to tell him that with the coming of independence, the Congo faced grave problems. The possibility of trouble ahead had haunted him constantly, with all the assurances he gave in his public speeches. Repeatedly he had told his people that independence would mean hard work, yet he knew that many of them still expected miracles overnight. He realized that inevitably there would be a certain "taste of ashes" when these miracles did not happen. This was a matter to be solved by the Congo Government. He was convinced they could do so, provided there was no outside interference.

"Let God protect the Congol!" the King at last concluded. Even this pious phrase had a patronizing sound, as though he were convinced that the Congolese would never be able to protect themselves.

There was polite but restrained applause. President Kasavubu stepped to the rostrum, his dark face calm and inscrutable as ever. His was a conciliatory, diplomatic speech. He praised the Congolese people as the "unknown and heroic artisans of independence," and he complimented the Belgians for "not opposing the current of history and for

understanding the grandeur of the ideal of liberty which animates all Congolese hearts."

His discourse was short, and journalists who had received advance copies noted that he had not delivered the second part, in which he had said many complimentary things about King Baudouin.

There were no more speeches scheduled, but before anyone had time to move, Joseph Kasongo, President of the Senate, presented Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba. They had arranged this beforehand, after Lumumba had read the King's speech. He moved to the platform, "lithe as a panther," according to one journalist.

Of all Lumumba's hundreds and hundreds of speeches, passionate, exuberant, angry, hopeful, but always eloquent, none has ever stirred such violent reaction and counter-reaction. What follows is the full text, as it was tape-recorded, applause and all.

Men and women of the Congo,

Victorious fighters for independence, today victorious, I greet you in the name of the Congolese Government. All of you, my friends, who have fought tirelessly at our sides, I ask you to make this June 30, 1960, an illustrious date that you will keep indelibly engraved in your hearts, a date of significance of which you will teach to your children, so that they will make known to their sons and to their grandchildren the glorious history of our fight for liberty.

For this independence of the Congo, even as it is celebrated today with Belgium, a friendly country with whom we deal as equal to equal, no Congolese worthy of the name will ever be able to forget that it was by fighting that it has been won [*applause*], a day-to-day fight, an ardent and idealistic fight, a fight in which we were spared neither privation nor suffering, and for which we gave our strength and our blood.

We are proud of this struggle, of tears, of fire, and of blood, to the depths of our being, for it was a noble and

just struggle, and indispensable to put an end to the humiliating slavery which was imposed upon us by force.

This was our fate for eighty years of a colonial regime; our wounds are too fresh and too painful still for us to drive them from our memory. We have known harassing work, exacted in exchange for salaries which did not permit us to eat enough to drive away hunger, or to clothe ourselves, or to house ourselves decently, or to raise our children as creatures dear to us.

We have known ironies, insults, blows that we endured morning, noon, and evening, because we are Negroes. Who will forget that to a black one said "*tu*," certainly not as to a friend, but because the more honorable "*vous*" was reserved for whites alone?

We have seen our lands seized in the name of allegedly legal laws which in fact recognized only that might is right.

We have seen that the law was not the same for a white and for a black, accommodating for the first, cruel and inhuman for the other.

We have witnessed atrocious sufferings of those condemned for their political opinions or religious beliefs; exiled in their own country, their fate truly worse than death itself.

We have seen that in the towns there were magnificent houses for the whites and crumbling shanties for the blacks, that a black was not admitted in the motion-picture houses, in the restaurants, in the stores of the Europeans; that a black traveled in the holds, at the feet of the whites in their luxury cabins.

Who will ever forget the massacres where so many of our brothers perished, the cells into which those who refused to submit to a regime of oppression and exploitation were thrown [*applause*]?

All that, my brothers, we have endured.

But we, whom the vote of your elected representatives have given the right to direct our dear country, we who have suffered in our body and in our heart from colonial oppression, we tell you very loud, all that is henceforth ended.

The Republic of the Congo has been proclaimed, and our country is now in the hands of its own children.

Together, my brothers, my sisters, we are going to begin a new struggle, a sublime struggle, which will lead our country to peace, prosperity, and greatness.

Together, we are going to establish social justice and make sure everyone has just remuneration for his labor [*applause*].

We are going to show the world what the black man can do when he works in freedom, and we are going to make of the Congo the center of the sun's radiance for all of Africa.

We are going to keep watch over the lands of our country so that they truly profit her children. We are going to restore ancient laws and make new ones which will be just and noble.

We are going to put an end to suppression of free thought and see to it that all our citizens enjoy to the full the fundamental liberties foreseen in the Declaration of the Rights of Man [*applause*].

We are going to do away with all discrimination of every variety and assure for each and all the position to which human dignity, work, and dedication entitles him.

We are going to rule not by the peace of guns and bayonets but by a peace of the heart and will [*applause*].

And for all that, dear fellow countrymen, be sure that we will count not only on our enormous strength and immense riches but on the assistance of numerous foreign countries whose collaboration we will accept if it is offered freely and with no attempt to impose on us an alien culture of no matter what nature [*applause*].

In this domain, Belgium, at last accepting the flow of history, has not tried to oppose our independence and is ready to give us their aid and their friendship, and a treaty has just been signed between our two countries, equal and independent. On our side, while we stay vigilant, we shall respect our obligations, given freely.

Thus, in the interior and the exterior, the new Congo, our dear Republic that my government will create, will be a rich, free, and prosperous country. But so that we will reach this aim without delay, I ask all of you, legislators and citizens, to help me with all your strength.

I ask all of you to forget your tribal quarrels. They exhaust us. They risk making us despised abroad.

I ask the parliamentary minority to help my Government through a constructive opposition and to limit themselves strictly to legal and democratic channels.

I ask all of you not to shrink before any sacrifice in order to achieve the success of our huge undertaking.

In conclusion, I ask you unconditionally to respect the life and the property of your fellow citizens and of foreigners living in our country. If the conduct of these foreigners leaves something to be desired, our justice will be prompt in expelling them from the territory of the Republic; if, on the contrary, their conduct is good, they must be left in peace, for they also are working for our country's prosperity.

The Congo's independence marks a decisive step towards the liberation of the entire African continent [*applause*].

Sire, Excellencies, Mesdames, Messieurs, my dear fellow countrymen, my brothers of race, my brothers of struggle—this is what I wanted to tell you in the name of the Government on this magnificent day of our complete independence.

Our government, strong, national, popular, will be the health of our country.

I call on all Congolese citizens, men, women and children, to set themselves resolutely to the task of creating a prosperous national economy which will assure our economic independence.

Glory to the fighters for national liberation!

Long live independence and African unity!

Long live the independent and sovereign Congo!

There was more applause, long and loud, as Lumumba sat down, and, with few exceptions, all from the Africans in the assembly. The Congolese present had detected no exaggerations in his speech, nothing that was not true from their own experience. What delighted and amazed them was that one of their own, for the first time, had dared speak this truth in the presence of the Belgians.

General Janssens, his face red and distorted with fury, was heard to mutter oaths and dire predictions.

Immediately afterwards, in almost complete silence, the

declaration of the Congo's accession to independence was signed. Lumumba and Foreign Minister Bomboko affixed their signatures in the name of the Republic of the Congo. Their counterparts, Prime Minister Eyskens and Foreign Minister Wigny, did the same for Belgium. Photographs of this dramatic event in Congolese history show the pained expression of the Belgian Ministers.

King Baudouin, very pale, retreated to a small salon off the assembly hall in the company of his ministers. Humiliated as he had never been in his life, he wanted to leave for Brussels immediately. His ministers dissuaded him. Justin Bomboko, acting as intermediary, reported the King's dissatisfaction to Lumumba, who seemed astonished. He willingly agreed to appease their royal guest to the best of his ability. At a banquet later that day he gave a second speech, edited and approved by Prime Minister Eyskens, in which he lauded the Belgians' efforts to bring modern progress to the Congo.

For Lumumba there was no contradiction. The beautiful cities, the roads and hospitals and airports, were a fact of life as were the sufferings of his people under colonialism. He had said what needed to be said in his earlier speech, so that Independence Day would have dignity and meaning. So that the world would not be left with the impression that Belgium was handing the Congolese their freedom as a gift, with a fatherly pat on the shoulders and a fatherly admonition not to smash it.

A few days later, Ganshof Van der Meersch, now Minister Charged with General Affairs in Africa, issued an ambiguous statement to the effect that Lumumba's speech "profoundly wounded us in our feeling of equity and of the respect due to the laws of hospitality, as well as in our national sensitivity."

The Belgian press expressed general outrage.

The *Libre Belgique* called Lumumba's speech "offensive." "The prankish outburst of Monsieur Lumumba could

create an extremely delicate situation," said *Le Soir*. According to *La Dernière Heure*, Lumumba had shown himself "as versatile, as elusive as the felines whose allure he affects in his walk." "Lumumba revealed his hate for Belgium," wrote another journalist, the most idiotic statement of all.

With a lucidity which never failed him, Lumumba had expressed his sentiments about Belgium and the Belgians hundreds of times. Any journalist must have been blind and deaf not to have been familiar with these statements. Lumumba had never lost his youthful admiration for Belgian culture. He was grateful to the Belgians who had helped him and his country. He loved a few of them as brothers. From his experience, Belgians in Belgium were more sympathetic to the cause of the Congolese than the Belgian colonists in the Congo.

What he opposed, bitterly and unequivocally and wherever he found it, was colonial oppression, bigotry, and white attitudes of superiority.

Unless all Lumumba's Belgian critics were hypnotized by their own propaganda about the nobility of their motives in the Congo, their attacks on his Independence Day speech could not possibly have been sincere. Far more likely, the speech was the excuse, not the reason, for their expressions of outrage. Had Lumumba kept silent on June 30, 1960, they would probably have sought some other pretext for denouncing him.

For the Congolese, unaware of the tempest their leader's words had caused, the first night of independence meant unrestrained celebration. They poured into the cafés of the Hotel Memling, the Hotel Regina, and all the other spots which prior to late 1959 had been closed to them. In the thousands they roamed the streets of the former European section. There was laughing and rejoicing everywhere. The radio blasted a new song to an old melody: "Independence, Cha Cha Cha; we shall not forget. Independence!"

MUTINY OF THE FORCE PUBLIQUE

You can never make half a revolution.

—MAURICE MPOLO

The long weekend following the Independence Day ceremonies was peaceful. The new Belgian Embassy opened its doors. Governor General Cornelis, the last of the Belgian Congo's rulers, finished packing his bags and left. His sumptuous three-story mansion on Boulevard General Tilkins, overlooking the Congo River, would henceforth be the official residence of the Congo's first prime minister, Patrice Lumumba.

On July 1, his first day in office, Lumumba sent a telegram to Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary General of the United Nations, requesting admission for his country. "The Republic of the Congo accepts without reservation the obligations stipulated in the Charter of the United Nations and undertakes to abide by the same in absolute loyalty and good faith," the telegram read. Approval would come within record time, and Thomas Kanza, the Congo's first UN Ambassador, would assume his new duties.

The next day, Saturday, some 70,000 Congolese and a scattering of Europeans attended a football match in Africa's largest stadium. "In this immense crowd," cabled a Belgian correspondent, "not the least gesture of hostility toward anyone. On the contrary, one is struck by the sweetness evident in attitudes toward the Europeans."

The same correspondent commented on the general at-

mosphere in Leopoldville: "The blacks work as before but they laugh more. The smiles on the faces of the Congolese are the most beautiful of fireworks."

The first trouble to break out was between Africans. In Dendale commune, late Sunday afternoon of July 3, there was a fight between some youths of the Bakongo and the Bangala tribes. The Bangala were resentful that their leader, Jean Bolikango, had lost out in the presidential elections to the Bakongo's Kasavubu. Three people were killed before the fight ended.

The next day, July 4, in Coquilhatville on the Equator, workers of the shipping company OTRACO demanded an increase from 3000 to 5000 francs a month. Their European employers refused this demand as excessive. The workers grew angry and menacing and threatened to beat them up. The Force Publique was summoned and, on the orders of their white officers, fired on the strikers, killing nine of them. It was the last such action.

The parliamentarians met at the *Palais des Nations* and, as their first official act, voted themselves an indemnity of 500,000 francs, 200,000 more than Belgian parliamentarians received. This was passed in spite of the protests of Lumumba, who called it "ruinous folly," and of Cyrille Adoula, one of the co-founders with Lumumba of MNC, who was now a senator.

At Camp Leopold II, just outside the capital, discontent was mounting among the soldiers of the Force Publique. It was true, they had not fought for independence, but the word had the same magic for them as for other Congolese. It meant that their wretched salaries (about six dollars a month) would be raised and that they would receive better food in their mess halls. It also meant that they could go to officers' training schools and receive promotions. "You don't have to obey your white officers any more," a Congolese noncommissioned officer told them on July 4. They

took him at his word, and several of them ignored the commands of their superiors.

General Janssens promptly demoted the noncom and ordered the disobedient soldiers to be locked up.

That evening Lumumba spoke over the radio to announce the formation of four commissions charged, respectively, with elaboration of a new statute for government officials, a study of judicial reform, a study of a revised administrative structure, and a study of reorganization of the Congolese Army.

The announcement infuriated General Janssens as much as had Lumumba's Independence Day address. In his mind, no one, not even the Minister of Defense, had the right to consider the reorganization of *his* army. He sat down and wrote an incredibly insolent letter to the Prime Minister.

"My dear Lumumba," he began, ignoring that etiquette required he commence "Your Excellency," or at least, "Monsieur Prime Minister." He accused Lumumba of undermining the morale of the Force Publique first by his June 30 speech, and then by the radio announcement; spoke of his "methods, unreasonable and incompatible with military discipline and spirit"; and concluded: "As I am unaccustomed to contradict myself or to repeat myself, I permit myself to beg you respectfully to consider this as a last and solemn warning."

At eight o'clock the next morning, July 5, apparently still in a fury against Lumumba and his government of blacks, Janssens summoned his soldiers together.

"As I have always told you," he said, "order and discipline will be maintained as they have always been. Independence brings changes to politicians and to civilians. But for you, nothing will be changed. It is true that the Congo is now independent. But in the army the whites will remain superior to the blacks. I have always told you the truth. None of your new masters can change the structure of an army which, throughout its history, has been

the most organized, the most victorious in Africa. The politicians have lied to you."

Then he wrote on the blackboard:

"Before independence=After independence"

It was a spiteful thing to do, and it brought disastrous consequences.

At five that afternoon, some 500 soldiers gathered in the canteen. A European officer who tried to get them to leave was forced out bodily. The soldiers shouted that Janssens must go and that African officers must replace white officers. They pillaged the canteen and set all prisoners free. Janssens, for once at a loss to handle a situation he had caused, radioed Camp Hardy at Thysville, some 100 miles southwest, to keep the second battalion in a state of alert.

That evening, Lumumba summoned Janssens to his office. He had already received the General's letter and could not have been in a friendly mood. Janssens insisted that the Belgian home troops from the bases of Kamina and Kitona be brought in "to teach the soldiers a lesson," but Lumumba curtly refused. Instead, he said he was going to give all the Congolese of the Force Publique an automatic promotion in rank. He spelled this out to the soldiers themselves the next morning, July 6, at Camp Leopold:

I have good news for you. As of July 1, all soldiers are to be promoted to a superior grade. That is, a second-class soldier becomes a first-class soldier; the first-class soldier becomes a corporal; the corporal becomes a sergeant; the sergeant becomes first sergeant; the first sergeant becomes sergeant major; the sergeant major becomes adjutant. Further promotions will be made according to merit. These new reforms will envisage suppression of every trace of racial discrimination in the army.

He went on to ask them to serve their country loyally and to say he counted on all of them, soldiers and officers, to lead the country to its finest destiny.

But the soldiers listened to him sullenly, and a few hissed. He was a "politician," and Janssens had taught them to despise politicians. Moreover, Janssens, whom they hated much more, was standing at his side.

After the Prime Minister left, soldiers walked out of the camp in groups. They were not armed, except for belts which they carried in their hands. They roamed the streets of Leopoldville, shouting insults against politicians, against Lumumba, and against Janssens. Some went to the *Palais des Nations*. Others headed for President Kasavubu's office, where they broke windows and threw stones at the Belgian officer who ordered them to leave. General Janssens was in the building, but rather than face them he escaped through the gardens.

Some of the rebellious soldiers stationed themselves in front of the Prime Minister's residence, saying they wanted to keep him from getting killed. Lumumba interrupted a meeting with his ministers to invite them in. He told them that he had decided to dismiss General Janssens, and that he was so informing Belgian Ambassador Van den Bosch that day.

The soldiers returned to their barracks. Not force but appeasement had won the day. Lumumba recognized that their grievances were just. In fact, he wanted the same things for them that they wanted themselves. He had not expected the changes to take place so soon, but Janssens by his conduct had left him no alternative.

Everything was calm in Leopoldville the morning of July 7. Nonetheless, nearly all the European residents were terrified. Some looked over their private arsenals, kept in spite of the legislation against them, and polished and loaded their guns. Publicly, the Belgian Ambassador urged them to keep calm and to continue at their jobs, but privately he is said to have advised them to leave, especially women and children.

Some high Belgian officials were not at all unhappy about

the mutiny. Since at this stage it seemed directed mainly against Lumumba and "the politicians," they foresaw that the Lumumba government would collapse even before it was off the ground. They reasoned that they could then put in power someone who was more docile. A young Belgian named Pierre Duvivier, who knew Lumumba well and worked in the cabinet of Christophe Gbenye, Minister of the Interior, argued with some of these officials. "Whether you like it or not, Lumumba is the only one who can hold the country together," he said. No one listened to him.

General Janssens remained in town for four more days. He went to the Belgian Ambassador and was enraged to learn that the Ambassador upheld Lumumba's dismissal of him. Nor did he get any sympathy from his junior officers, Belgians like himself, who disliked his authoritarian ways. For the most part, he kept out of sight of his soldiers, though once he was stoned. On July 10, he left for Brussels, passing out of this story.

In the meantime the mutiny was spreading to military camps in the Lower Congo. All these camps were connected by radio transmitters on the same wave length, manned by Congolese operators. When on July 5 Janssens had notified Camp Hardy at Thysville to alert the Second Battalion, the soldiers already knew of his statement that independence was to mean nothing to them. They refused to let the truckloads of soldiers depart for Leopoldville.

That night they imprisoned their European officers in their quarters, helped themselves to arms from the company arsenal, and wandered through Thysville. They entered some European homes, dragged the residents from their beds and took them back to the camp, where at five in the morning they held a trial to separate the "good" whites from the "bad." Then they locked them all up.

A few of them got drunk and forced several European women social-service workers and teachers to undress. A fellow Congolese soldier made them stop and rescued the

women before they were harmed. The rowdies took off in a jeep to continue their drinking elsewhere.

At five o'clock the afternoon of July 6, President Kasavubu and Prime Minister Lumumba drove down to Thysville. Lumumba had been told that the Thysville mutineers had threatened to kill him, but he knew his soldiers and was not afraid. Kasavubu and Lumumba met a column of these rebels on the roads. Perfectly friendly and cheerful, they told the two executives that they were going to Leopoldville to fight the Belgian military who were planning to take over the country again. When both Lumumba and Kasavubu assured them there was no such danger, they turned around and escorted the Ministers' car to the camp. Lumumba talked to the men about the new plan for "Africanization" of the troops and persuaded them to release the European prisoners. By July 7, Thysville, like Leopoldville, was restored to calm.

But in three other Lower Congo towns—Inkisi, Mbanza-Boma, and Madimba (where young Saintraint and Ryckmans had tried vainly to transfer their authority to Congolese before independence)—European residents went through a night and a day of terror on July 5 and 6. They were beaten, humiliated, abused verbally, thrown into prison. There were at least two cases of rape. Gaston Diomi, Congolese vice-president of Leopoldville Province, toured these trouble spots on July 6. Grave and concerned, he released the prisoners and arranged for a train to take them to Leopoldville.

The rumor was spreading in Leopoldville that Russian planes had landed at Ndjili airport to take over the Congo. One source claimed a jeep had announced this by loudspeaker at Camp Leopold. Others said that Belgian airplanes had dropped tracts about the Russian invasion. Congolese soldiers stampeded to Ndjili to repulse the invaders, who never appeared.

Lumumba and Minister of Information Anicet Kasha-

mura went on the radio alternately, exhorting the people to keep calm and to fight "the enemies from within and without." Their messages were repeated at intervals in all the major Congolese languages.

The refugee train from the Lower Congo reached Leopoldville the afternoon of July 7. The men were unshaven, unwashed, and covered with dust. The European women, usually so trim and neat, were in disarray, their drawn faces evidence of sleeplessness and fear. There was no doubt that they had been through a dreadful experience. Friends took them in hand. A meal was prepared for them at the Belgian Embassy. The stories they told spread quickly over the European community, exaggerated and expanded with each telling. Many white people convinced themselves that there were raping and looting in the capital, which was not true. Some 6000 Europeans left on ferries and small boats for Brazzaville that night and the next day.

Within forty-eight hours the city was drained of magistrates, doctors, technicians, and a large portion of the administrative advisers, who now had the excuse they had been hoping for to return to Belgium without penalties to their professional careers.

To Lumumba it had become clear that Belgian officers could no longer be retained in the Congolese National Army (the old name, Force Publique, was at this point abandoned) unless they had the love and trust of the soldiers. Events had raced far ahead of the gradual Africanization he had planned. At a joint meeting of Parliament, with Kasavubu attending, he proposed new leadership for the army, which was agreed on unanimously.

The new Commander-in-Chief was Victor Lundula, the mayor of a Jadotville commune, who had done service in Burma during World War II. Chief of Staff under Lundula was Joseph Mobutu, now serving as a Secretary of State. Mobutu was given the title of Colonel. Commander of Camp Leopold II was Justin Nkokolo, one of the handful of

soldiers who had risen to the rank of adjutant under General Janssens. Other officers were to be elected by the soldiers themselves.

On July 8, with Kasavubu and Minister of Justice Rémy Mwamba, Lumumba toured other Lower Congo towns where there was trouble. At Moanda, Boma, and Banane, they visited army camps, talked to the soldiers, gave them promotions and arranged for elections for new commanding officers. The presence of the Congolese President and Prime Minister brought some reassurance. The soldiers calmed down and returned to their duties.

That same day the mutiny reached Matadi, the important Congo River port where seagoing vessels transferred cargoes to the train for Leopoldville. In this picturesque town cut in the solid rock of the Crystal Mountains, there were 1800 Europeans, 75,000 Congolese, and an army camp. The words, "There is no independence for soldiers," credited to a Thysville officer, started the trouble, which was intensified by rumors that the white people were arming and that Belgian warships were going to attack.

The rebel soldiers arrested their officers, searched and locked up white employees of the shipping company, OTRACO, and broke a large number of the Europeans' sunglasses—a status symbol—saying, "You won't need these any more."

Kasavubu, Lumumba, and Minister of Justice Mwamba arrived in haste on Saturday, July 10. They talked to the soldiers as they had elsewhere and succeeded in pacifying them. At Hotel Metropole, where European men and women were being held hostage, they offered their apologies for what had happened, told them that any Congolese who had committed unjustified acts would be punished, and assured them of the protection of the Congo Government.

"We are desolate to see here courageous women who tomorrow would have so greatly aided our Congolese women," Lumumba said. "We will help those who want to

leave, but we beg you not to go. We need you to help us build our new country."

But the next day nearly all the European population boarded a steamer for Belgium. One of those who stayed was a druggist named Hubert Knapen. He said that in the fifteen years he had been in the country he had never differentiated between whites and blacks, that he loved the Congo and was not going to leave.

As the steamer was about to sail, a jeep filled with soldiers drove up. The soldiers, smiling broadly, waved at the departing Europeans. They had come to say goodby to "their" officers. Was there anything they could do for them? they asked. The officers proposed they go get the baggage which they had left behind in their haste. The soldiers obligingly lugged the suitcases on board.

The chiefs of state returned home later on July 10 to find Leopoldville a ghost city. There were no buses, no taxis. The many industries and businesses were run by skeleton staffs. Courts were closed, but a Council of Ministers was in session at Camp Leopold to hear the grievances of the soldiers. In the big 1800-bed Leopoldville general hospital, only three doctors had stayed on—an American surgeon, Dr. William T. Close of Greenwich, Connecticut; a Belgian named Dr. Beheit, who was a specialist in internal medicine; and an Egyptian gynecologist with the incongruous name of Bill Morgan.

The first ten days of independence had brought disasters beyond the worst prophesies of the pessimists. The Congolese leaders had had to ignore all the multiple and pressing problems of administration to devote full time to restoring order. Ministers Delvaux and Bomboko had given all their energy to helping Europeans who insisted on leaving. Other ministers had gone to Stanleyville, Coquilhatville, Luluabourg, and Elisabethville to reassure the population there.

There were a few shreds of consolation. The mutiny had

been limited to the Lower Congo, and the disturbances had been relatively few and isolated. With all the harassment the Europeans had endured, none had been killed. The new Government, in spite of its inexperience, had acted swiftly and with at least partial success.

But Lumumba and Kasavubu and the ministers had no time for self-congratulation. That night, July 10, word came that Belgian parachutists had landed at Kabalo, in Katanga.

BELGIUM INTERVENES AND KATANGA SECEDES

To deceive the people is like trying to wrap fire in paper.

— *Congolese proverb*

In Belgium, the sensational newspaper headlines from the Congo were followed by the arrival at the Brussels airport of the first refugees, bringing their eyewitness atrocity stories or, the next best thing, the stories they had heard from someone who knew someone who knew someone who had actually been at Thysville, Inkisi, Madimba, Mbanza-Boma, or Matadi.

Strong pressure was exerted on the Government to take steps to protect its citizens in the Congo. There were indignant demonstrations in the streets of Brussels. Automobiles carried streamers: "We are delivered to the savages!" and "How far will the cowardice of the Government go?" Right-wing protestors shouted, "General Janssens to power!"

Little or nothing seeped through to Belgium about the Congo Government's extensive efforts to restore order. Against all evidence, Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba was widely blamed for everything.

The Belgian authorities sounded out Ambassador Van den Bosch as to whether Belgian troops were needed to protect the lives of Europeans. The Ambassador referred them to the Treaty of Friendship, signed on the eve of independence. Its language was perfectly clear. The treaty

had granted Belgium the right to keep their troops on their bases of Kamina and Kitona, with the stipulation that any military intervention of Belgian forces stationed in the Congo could not take place except on the express demand of the Congolese Minister of Defense, that is, Patrice Lumumba.

For Lumumba, the idea of calling on Belgian troops was unthinkable. He blamed the Belgians, General Janssens and others, for the mutiny. He felt that they had wanted to sabotage his Government but that their efforts had boomeranged and some Europeans had suffered as a result. Any further interference from the Belgians could only increase the hostility of the Congolese soldiers and aggravate the state of fear that existed.

Fear was rampant even in remote regions of the Congo, fed by rumor and gossip, and most of all by the actions that fear provoked. When Europeans, frightened by events in the Lower Congo, got out their guns and pistols, the Congolese feared they would be massacred. The Congolese soldiers formed search parties to confiscate illegal weapons. Europeans, seeing this confiscation as a threat to their security, began sending home their wives and children. The Congolese saw the departures as a prelude to all-out warfare. One European man in Stanleyville, where all was peaceful, was so petrified with fear that he dressed up as a woman in order to get priority on an outgoing airplane.

There had been no disturbances in Kabalo, in Katanga, either, but on July 9, some 250 panicky Europeans piled into a train for Albertville on the eastern frontier. Before the train could leave, it was surrounded by Congolese civilians. They were not menacing. They simply did not want "their whites" to leave. Some Congolese soldiers arrived in trucks and also tried to persuade the Europeans to stay. There was a great deal of talk but, so far as has ever been confirmed, no violence. The impasse lasted several hours.

At six o'clock that evening, airplanes circled over the

train. They were from the Belgian military base of Kamina, and they dropped armed Belgian parachutists. The train was soon under way. "The paratroops had to protect Belgian refugees at Kabalo," Prime Minister Gaston Eyskens admitted in an official communiqué. Prime Minister Lumumba had not been consulted. Allegedly, the intervention was made at the request of former Governor of Katanga, Schoëller, the only European provincial governor to stay on after independence.

In Leopoldville, the intervention was protested dryly by Ambassador Van den Bosch, who said Eyskens' communiqué astonished him. Once more he reminded the home Government of the Treaty of Friendship.

Lumumba, learning of the Kabalo incident on his return from his pacifying tour of the Lower Congo, went on the air at once. "We have just learned that the Belgian Government has sent troops to the Congo and that they have intervened," he said. "Belgium's responsibility is great. We rise in force against this measure which threatens the good relations between our two countries. We appeal to all Congolese to defend our Republic against all those who menace it."

Even as he was speaking, more Belgian troops were landing in Elisabethville, in Luluabourg, and elsewhere.

Early on the morning of July 11, there was a combined naval and air attack on Matadi, where Lumumba and Kasavubu had been the day before. Belgian commando ships from the naval base of Kitona, on the coast, entered the port and opened fire. A little later, four Belgian airplanes strafed the town. An estimated sixty-four Congolese men, women, and children were killed, and many more wounded. Since almost all the Europeans were gone, the attackers did not have the excuse of "protecting Belgian lives." What they did accomplish, effectively, was to undo the pacifying work of Kasavubu and Lumumba in the Lower Congo.

That night, furious Congolese soldiers pillaged the de-

sented white section of Matadi. The little dentist who had stayed on because he loved the Congo was not harmed.

Word of the attack reached Thysville by radio. Stern-faced patrols rounded up all European families. "There will be as many European coffins as there are coffins for the blacks at Matadi," an adjutant announced grimly. The arrests continued all night. None of the soldiers were drunk, an eyewitness reported, but all were excited and furious. They forced the whites to walk barefoot and beat them with gun butts. Many European women were raped, some brutally. But the threat of the adjutant was not fulfilled. No one was killed.

Here, where there would have been justification for Belgian intervention, no paratroops appeared. Again it was Gaston Diomi who arrived on the scene, restored order, arranged the release of the prisoners, and escorted them under convoy to Leopoldville.

Unaware of the impending attack on Matadi and its terrible consequences, Lumumba and Kasavubu had left on the morning of July 11 by plane for Luluabourg. The trouble in the Kasai provincial capital was following the now familiar pattern: fear begetting fear.

Europeans there had started preparing to leave at the first word of the Lower Congo mutiny. The Congolese were distressed and frightened by these preparations. About 1200 Europeans awaiting space on airplanes took refuge in the furniture factory of IMMOKASAI. European officers raided the army arsenal for light arms, which they turned over to the refugees. Angry Congolese soldiers locked up these officers and their families in the mess hall. Then Belgian paratroops from Kamina landed, officially to liberate the prisoners and evacuate the refugees at IMMOKASAI.

When Lumumba and Kasavubu arrived in the afternoon of July 11, they went at once to the army camp. As Lumumba could have predicted, the soldiers were in a state of rage because of the presence of the Belgian paratroops.

He talked to them for a long time, told them that things were changing and that from now on this was their army. He appointed five Congolese noncommissioned officers to take over the command from the Belgians and authorized the soldiers to elect other officers of their own choice.

Later he protested to Belgian Consul General Swinnen the illegal presence of the paratroops. Still, when several of his Congolese friends in Luluabourg told him the Europeans at IMMOKASAI really had been in danger, he agreed to let the paratroops stay on certain conditions. Their only mission must be to help the Congolese Army maintain order and to protect Belgian residents. Any new requisition of troops must be submitted for approval to the Congo Government. The Belgian troops must not act on their own initiative but only under Congo Government responsibility. Lastly, the troops must stay no longer than two months.

Consul General Swinnen agreed to these terms, but the Europeans refused to remain, paratroops or not. Lumumba and Kasavubu went to the airport where they were waiting for transportation and pleaded vainly with them. As at Matadi, there were only a few who were willing to stay on.

The paratroops would remain to guard the beautiful and empty European town. A subtle change was evolving in Belgian policy. At first it was said that Belgian troops were being sent to protect European lives. Later the phrase was "to protect lives and property." The first implied a temporary action. The second indicated permanent occupation. Lumumba was well aware of the difference, as was Kasavubu.

Lumumba and Kasavubu were planning to go on to Elisabethville, where Belgian troops from Kamina were reported to be landing in great numbers. Lumumba had sent ahead a plane with Colonel Nkokolo, Commander of Camp Leopold, and an armed escort, to announce their arrival. Late that night the plane arrived in Luluabourg with more disastrous news.

Moise Tshombe had just declared the secession of Katanga from the Congo Republic! He now called himself president of an independent nation. Nkokolo and his men had not been allowed to debark. Belgian troops were guarding the airport. They had informed Nkokolo that if Lumumba and Kasavubu arrived, they would be arrested.

Neither man underestimated this new catastrophe, though they were fully aware that Tshombe's wealthy European friends in Katanga had been pushing him to take such a step. With the taxes and revenues from the Katanga mines cut off, the Congo Government was reduced to beggary overnight, dependent on outside aid if it were to survive.

That Tshombe's secession would lead to conflict and bloodshed within Katanga was inevitable. Obviously counting on Belgian military support, Tshombe had made his announcement without bothering to ask for a vote from the provincial assembly. Many Katangese were already displeased by Tshombe's close alliance with the white mining interests. His autocratic tactics outraged them further. It was true that in the provincial elections, his CONAKAT party had won a slight majority of seats in the assembly, but the legality of those elections was being contested by the large BALUBAKAT party headed by Jason Sendwe, which, with other opposition parties, had received more popular votes than CONAKAT.

Nor could Tshombe count on the former Force Publique in Katanga, who on the whole disliked him heartily. Within hours after Tshombe declared himself president of an "independent Katanga," fights broke out in Elisabethville.

Early the next morning Kasavubu and Lumumba flew to Kamina, the Belgian military base from which came the airplanes that were dropping Belgian paratroops like snowflakes all over the Congo.

Kamina, in Katanga, covered an area as large as a Belgian province. It had miles upon miles of runways, gigantic hangars, powerful radio transmitters. Beyond

these military installations was a pleasant European-style town with bungalows, churches, motion-picture houses, and private clubs and swimming pools "for Europeans only." The Congolese leaders were not asked to visit it.

They landed to find the airport filled with Belgian officers, soldiers, and even civilians, who greeted them with jeers and catcalls. The Base Commander, Colonel Rémy Van Lierde, looking harried and embarrassed, came to meet them. There was a stiff exchange of formalities. The Commander said he regretted that he had not been notified of their arrival beforehand.

"We are in our own country, Commander," Lumumba reminded him. "I accompany the Chief of State, whom you call King in your country. It is inconceivable that we should shelter you here and that you let your officers and these people so shamefully insult our Chief of State."

The Commander escorted them to a small office. Because of the tension in town, he said, it would be wiser for them not to leave the field.

Lumumba did not argue with him about that. "Are you aware," he asked, "of our treaty with Belgium whereby Belgian troops must take no action without the express request of the Congolese Government?"

"I am aware of that, but not officially," he said.

Lumumba then asked him under whose authorization he had sent troops to Luluabourg.

"It is a military secret," he was told.

Lumumba and Kasavubu spent several frustrating hours with Colonel Van Lierde but obtained no satisfaction. He would neither assume responsibility for the troop landings nor reveal on whose responsibility the landings had been made. At eight that evening, Lumumba and Kasavubu left on a Dakota with an escort of Belgian soldiers the Commander reluctantly supplied them. Two hours later they were circling over the Elisabethville airport, some 125 miles distant.

Before they could land, all the airport lights were turned off. At the control tower was Codefroid Munongo, Minister of the Interior of Tshombe's Katanga.

Munongo was the grandson of the powerful chief Msiri, who had resisted Belgian occupation of Katanga until his death. The Belgians had given this descendant of their ancient adversary the unusually high post, for a Congolese, of first-class clerk in the Elisabethville police department, after which he had been assigned to a project to study the possibilities of a hydroelectric power site at Inga Falls in the Lower Congo. There had been a time when he was one of the most ardent supporters of Congolese unity. Now he was working hand in glove with Tshombe. He would be Katanga's strong-arm man, the symbol of the brutality concealed beneath Tshombe's wide smile and ready handshake. Toward Lumumba he had conceived a bitter hatred. "One day it will be his skin or mine," he said frequently.

"The traitor Lumumba shall not set foot on Katanga soil," he now told the Belgian pilot circling above Elisabethville.

"Tell him the Chief of State is with me," Lumumba ordered the pilot. "Tell him that it is as unthinkable to forbid the Chief of State to land in his own country as to forbid King Baudouin to enter any part of Belgium."

But the lights along the runway remained off, and the pilot dared not risk a landing.

They returned to Luluabourg, spent the night there, and next morning flew to Kindu, where Lumumba had looked vainly for a job some seventeen years before. Here he was warmly greeted. The town was tense but peaceful. There was the usual visit to the army camp to nominate African officers, give promotions, and promise raises. Then Kasavubu and Lumumba sent a telegram, signed jointly by both of them, to the Belgian Government, breaking off diplomatic relations:

Following the flagrant violation by Belgium of the Treaty of Friendship concluded June 29, 1960 . . . and because of the attack on the integrity of national territory that Belgium has just committed in supporting the secession of Katanga . . . our Government has decided . . . to break all diplomatic relations with Belgium, from this date of July 14, 1960.

This was followed with another joint telegram, requesting military aid of the United Nations:

. . . Our request is justified by the sending to the Congo of Belgian troops in violation Treaty of Friendship signed between Belgium and the Republic of the Congo . . . By the terms of this treaty troops cannot intervene except on the express demand of the Congolese Government. This demand has never been formulated by the government of the Republic of the Congo. We consider this unsolicited Belgian action an act of aggression against our country. Real cause of most of trouble is colonialist provocation. We accuse Belgian Government of having meticulously prepared Katanga secession in the aim of keeping a hold on our country.

They had not asked for UN military aid at the time of the mutiny. They were asking for it now only because of "Belgian aggression."

Lumumba and Kasavubu were in complete military agreement about the necessity of these momentous steps, as they were about everything else in this period. They were so close, Lumumba would say later, that a needle could not have come between them, as close as the fingers on one hand. In the past, people had accused Lumumba of being jealous of Kasavubu, but he had always denied it. It was true that they had never been intimate, but Kasavubu was not an easy person to know well. Behind his thick glasses, it was almost impossible to tell what he was thinking.

To Lumumba's amazement, his companion proposed that they send a third telegram, this one to the Soviet Union, asking the Russians to stand by, just in case the United

Nations refused to help them. He gasped, then burst out laughing.

"You can do it, Monsieur President, because you are known to be a Christian, but if I asked the Soviet Union for help there would be talk, for people already say I am a Communist."

The telegram was sent, to Premier Khrushchev of the Soviet Union; like the others, it was signed by both of them:

Faced with menaces against the neutrality of the Republic of the Congo on the part of Belgium and certain Western nations supporting the plot of Belgium against our independence we ask you to follow hour by hour the evolution of the situation in the Congo. We might be forced to solicit intervention from the Soviet Union if the Western camp does not put an end to aggressive action against the sovereign Republic of the Congo. National Congolese territory is this day militarily occupied by Belgian troops and lives of President of the Republic and the Prime Minister are in danger.

(Premier Khrushchev's long telegram in response, sent the next day, ended: "The Government of the Congo can be sure that the Soviet Government will grant to the Republic of the Congo whatever aid necessary for the triumph of your just cause.")

From Kindu, Lumumba and Kasavubu took a plane for Stanleyville. Again, it was a Belgian airplane with a Belgian pilot. The Congo had as yet no air service of its own, nor any trained pilots. By an arrangement with Belgium, airplanes were put at the disposal of Congolese officials. The plane was due in Stanleyville at 1:30 P.M., but at two o'clock they were still in the air. Lumumba asked the pilot what was wrong.

"I have received an order to take you directly to Leopoldville," the pilot informed him.

Incredulous, Lumumba burst out: "We ordered you to go to Stanleyville. You should know that you are in the service

of the Congolese Government and cannot disobey the command of the Chief of State."

The pilot circled around. They thought he was obeying them, but presently he landed at Ndjili. The Leopoldville airport was filled with Belgian soldiers who had taken over in their absence and were even then patrolling the main boulevards of the city.

Two Belgian officers came up and saluted. One was General Gheysen, the Commander of all Belgian troops in the Congo. The other presented himself as "General Cumont of Brussels."

"I am charged with welcoming you," Cumont announced, "and with offering you a military escort."

"You are here illegally," Lumumba said sharply. "We have no need of your escort."

Cumont addressed Kasavubu. "Monsieur President, I beg you to listen to me. Our troops are here only to give you the honors due your rank and to assure your protection."

"We refuse your protection," Kasavubu told him icily. "You are not in your own country here."

Cumont then asked them to come see the women refugees at the airport. "They have been raped by your people."

"For whatever has happened, you, the Belgians, are responsible." Neither of the Congolese leaders believed him.

"I entreat you to help us keep blood from flowing," Cumont said next.

"If blood flows," Lumumba answered, "it will be the Belgians who carry the responsibility."

(Newspaper men were present at the scene. They have given several versions of this extraordinary dialogue, but the gist of all versions is the same.)

A Belgian paratrooper suddenly cried out, "Long live Belgium!" His companions shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Cumont ordered them to be silent. A group of Ghanaian diplomats arrived, and President Kasavubu and Prime Minister Lumumba left hastily in their car.

In Leopoldville they conferred with members of Parliament, then ordered a plane from the Belgian airline Sabena to take them to Stanleyville, where people had been waiting for them since early afternoon. As a precaution, Lumumba proposed that the plane wait for them at the small airport at Ndolo, but the Sabena official assured them that no one at Ndjili would interfere with their departure. As soon as they arrived, they realized that they had been tricked.

While Belgian troops looked on, they were surrounded by European civilians. "Monkeys!" they shrieked. "Assassins! Ruffians! Thieves!" The crowd spit on them and shoved them.

Generals Gheysen and Cumont, with André Saintraint of Madimba, restored order. Against their will, Lumumba and Kasavubu had to accept the Belgians' protection. After a long wait, someone came to inform them that their plane had mechanical trouble and could not leave. They did not believe this story, but there was nothing they could do about it.

Their own car and chauffeur had left. They headed for the little airport bus to take them back to Leopoldville, as European refugees shouted curses at them. When they entered the bus, two paratroopers began pushing it back and forth until it rocked like a canoe on a stormy sea. The driver put the vehicle in gear and took off rapidly.

On July 15, in a long and impassioned speech to the Chamber of Deputies, Lumumba recounted the full story of their harrowing trip, and of the events which had led to their decision to break relations with Belgium and call on the United Nations for military assistance.

"I hope, dear brothers, that we will work in solidarity," he said, "that we will work together in unity. We have no arms, but we shall appeal to any friendly nations who want to help us. We will call, if it is necessary, on the devil."

Then, in an amazing change of pace, he begged them, his "honorable deputies," never to act incorrectly or in a

fashion unworthy of their responsibilities—specifically, not to use their official chauffeurs and cars after six in the evening. “The ministers must live with the people. The official cars have been bought with the money of the people. If one of them wishes to go joy-riding, he has only to buy a car and use it outside of the hours of work.”

Applause broke out. That was the way it always was. When Lumumba spoke, it was as though the deputies were under a hypnotic spell. They even cheered him when he criticized them. But once away from his magnetic personality, it was, for a few of them, a different story.

AMERICA

What we want is democracy, true democracy, such as one sees here in the United States.

— LUMUMBA

In New York, Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary General of the United Nations, called an all-night session of the Security Council on the evening of July 13, following the receipt of the telegram from the President and Prime Minister of the Republic of the Congo. In his opening speech at this session, Hammarskjöld called for speedy action.

His comments showed an understanding of the problems the young republic was facing. The Belgian forces in the Congo were not a "satisfactory stopgap," he said, stressing that the Congolese request for UN military aid was "preferable to any other formula."

Ambassador Mongi Slim of Tunisia, the only African present, submitted a resolution which was passed early in the morning of July 14 with surprisingly little disagreement. It called upon Belgium to withdraw from the territory of the Republic of the Congo, and it authorized the Secretary General "to take necessary steps, in consultation with the Government of the Republic of the Congo, to provide the Government with such military assistance as may be necessary until, through the efforts of the Congolese Government, with the technical assistance of the United Nations, the national security forces may be able, in the opinion of the Government, to meet fully their tasks."

The resolution did not call Belgium "an aggressor," as Kasavubu and Lumumba had done. An amendment to do so, presented by the Soviet Union delegate, was voted down. The American delegate, Henry Cabot Lodge, insisted there had been "no foreign aggression against the Congo." But agreement was unanimous that the "legally elected government" of the Congo had the right to receive the aid it requested.

Since French was the official language in the Congo, the UN Congo operation was given a French title: *Opération des Nations Unis au Congo*, which was promptly shortened to ONUC. Hammarskjöld appointed Dr. Ralph Bunche as Special UN Representative in Leopoldville, and Major General Carl von Horn of Sweden as Supreme Commander of the UN Force there. The Secretary General emphasized that the UN Force would not be authorized to shoot except in self-defense, would not become party to internal conflicts, and would exclude troops of the big powers.

The first UN troops were from Tunisia and landed at Ndjili airport forty-eight hours later. By July 18, the UN Force totaled 3500 and included contingents from Ethiopia, Ghana, and Morocco. These would be supplemented by Swedish, Irish, and Indian troops. Here, as elsewhere, the UN soldiers were nicknamed "Blue Berets," since blue berets were their standard headgear.

One UN unit was sent to Camp Hardy, at Thysville, the scene of violence ten days before. All along the route civilian Congolese cheered them. The soldiers at Camp Hardy greeted them with smiles. The Blue Berets, who had expected a sullen population and army, were astounded. Other UN troops were deployed in Leopoldville, Stanleyville, Coquilhatville, and Matadi. Belgian troops were withdrawn from Leopoldville, and, very soon, from almost everywhere except Katanga.

The Belgian Government officially took the attitude that the purpose of ONUC was purely "to keep order." As for



19 King Baudouin addresses the Congolese parliament and visiting dignitaries at the Independence Day ceremonies. At his right is President Joseph Kasavubu, and at his left Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President of Brazzaville Congo. (Belga)



20 View of Matadi, the last port up the Congo navigable by ocean steamers and scene of an attack by Belgian air and land forces on July 11, 1960. (Editorial Photocolor Archives, Inc.)

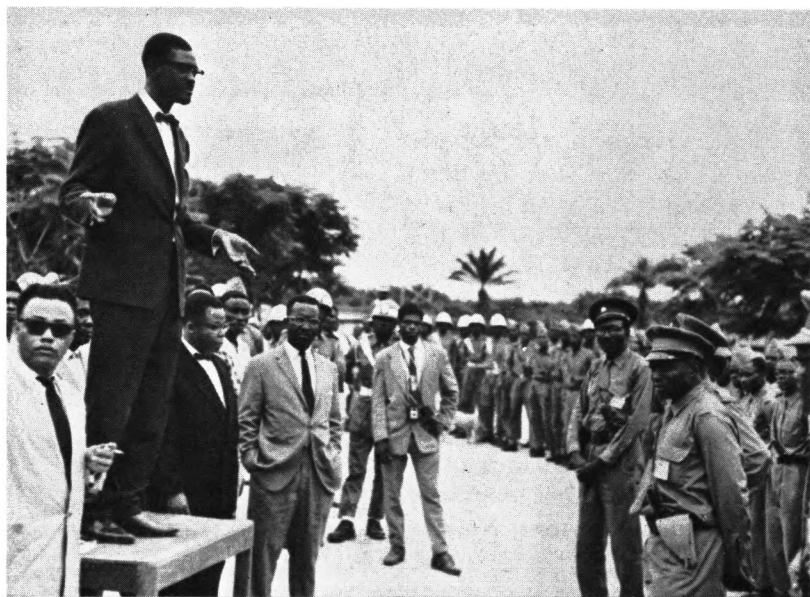
21 Moise Tshombe, who attended the Round Table Conference as President of the Katanga political party CONAKAT, and who later declared himself President of an independent Katanga. (United Nations)





22 General Charles Cumont, Chief of the Belgian General Staff, offers a military escort to Lumumba and Kasavubu at Leopoldville's Ndjili Airport, on July 14, 1960. (Wide World Photos)

23 Standing on a table, Lumumba addresses Congolese soldiers at Stanleyville on July 18. At his left is President Kasavubu, wearing a dark suit. At Kasavubu's left is Minister of Justice Remy Mwamba. (Wide World Photos)





24 Prime Minister Lumumba arrives at New York's Idlewild Airport (now Kennedy) on July 24, 1960. At his left is his aide, Captain Mawoso. (United Nations)



25 Lumumba greets Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld at the United Nations Headquarters in New York. (United Nations)



26 *Press Conference at UN building in New York, July 25, 1960. Left to right in front row are Bernard Salumu, private secretary to Prime Minister Lumumba; Joseph Kasongo, President of the Chamber of Deputies; Lumumba; Thomas Kanza, Minister Delegate at the UN; Joseph Okito, Vice President of the Senate.*
(United Nations)

27 *An anti-Lumumbist demonstration in Leopoldville, August 1960. (United Nations)*





28 UN soldiers in Leopoldville, August 12, 1960. (United Nations)

29 Colonel Joseph Mobutu announces at a press conference on September 14, 1960, that he is neutralizing the governments of Lumumba and Kasavubu in the name of the army, and calling home Congolese students abroad to run the country. (United Nations)



30 After a tour of Leopoldville suburbs on October 9, Lumumba, accompanied by a UN guard, speaks to several of his supporters in the house of a friend. (United Press International)





31 A Lumumba supporter—on motor scooter—is arrested by a Congolese soldier in front of Lumumba's residence on October 13.

(Wide World Photos)



32 In Cairo, on December 11, Lumumba's sons, François and Patrice, are invited to tea by the children of Nasser, President of the United Arab Republic. (Wide World Photos)

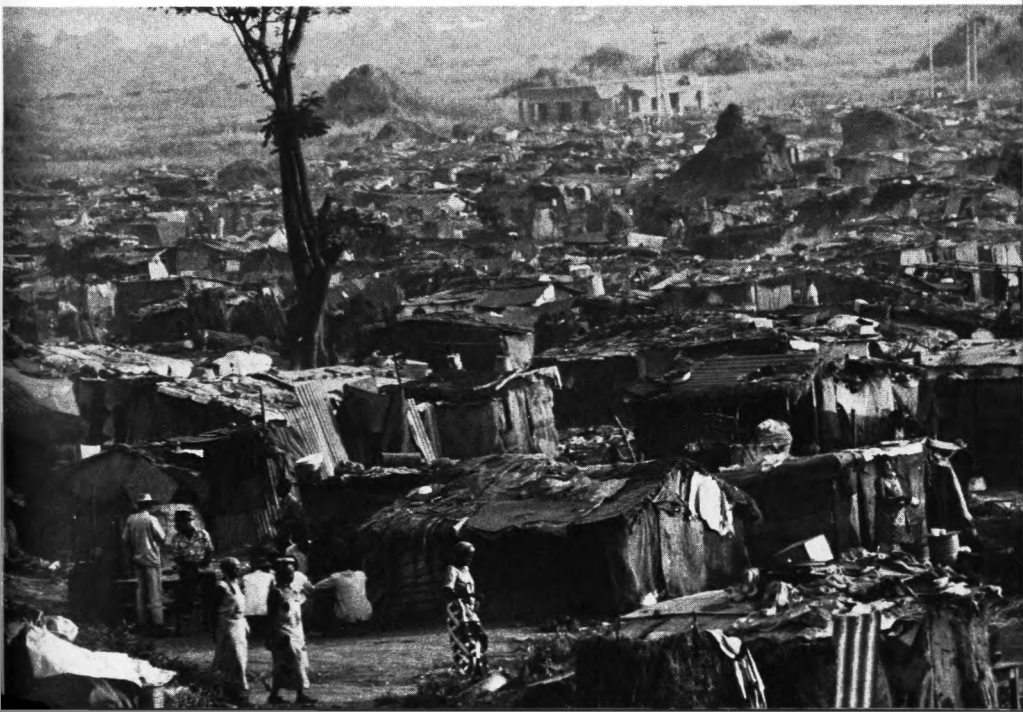
33 Lumumba, his hands tied behind his back with a long rope, is brought to Ndjili Airport in Leopoldville, on December 2, in the charge of Major Gilbert Pongo, Inspector of the Security Police. (Wide World Photos)





34 As photographers began taking pictures of the captured Lumumba, a soldier seized his hair and jerked his head up to give them a better view. (C.R.I.S.P.)

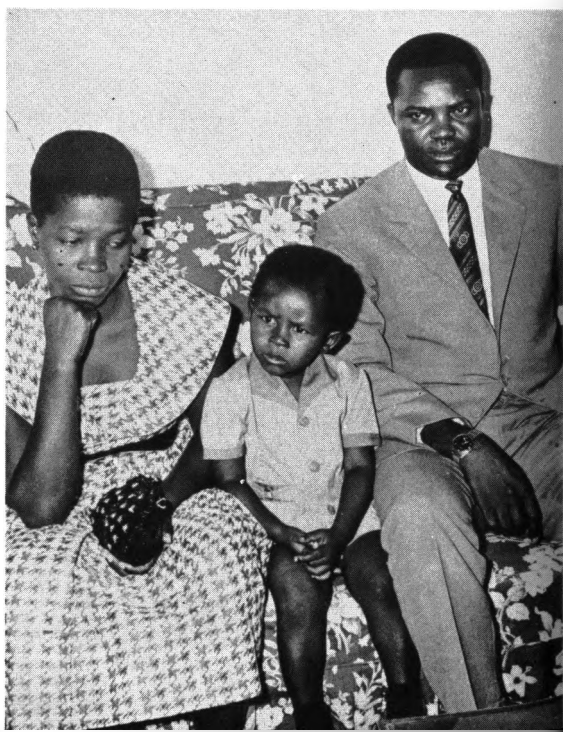
35 UN refugee camp for Katanga Balubas outside of Elisabethville. (United Nations)





36 Madame Pauline Lumumba took refuge in the crowded African suburbs of Leopoldville after her husband's capture. This photograph of her with Roland was made on January 18, the day after Lumumba was taken to Katanga. Still unaware of his fate, she shows her anguish and uncertainty in her face and gestures.
(Wide World Photos)

37 Six months after Lumumba's death. Madame Lumumba with Roland and Louis Lumumba, the Prime Minister's brother, en route for Cairo to join the other three children, François, Patrice, and Juliana.
(Belga)



Katanga, the same Belgian statesmen who had sided with Lumumba for a unified Congo at the Round Table Conference, began referring to this secession as an internal matter, not within the jurisdiction of the United Nations.

Within a week after the first UN troops arrived, Lumumba was deeply troubled. It seemed to him that Hammarskjöld might let himself be swayed by the Belgian viewpoint. The Secretary General's native Sweden had always had close ties with Belgium. Would it not be natural for him to side with them rather than with a new country of black people?

The evidence of Belgium's deep involvement in Tshombe's Katanga was mounting daily.

"We have reached a platform," announced Belgian Minister of Defense Gilson on July 19. "In ten days we have sent to the Congo 8000 to 10,000 men . . . and more than twenty-four centers are occupied."

Major Guy Weber, commander of the Belgian troops in Katanga, described as having "an air of genial brutality common to many successful soldiers," made no secret of the fact that his orders came from Belgium and that those orders were to obey Tshombe. He intended to stay in Katanga to the end, he said. "We must stand elbow to elbow, for we are playing for high stakes."

Belgian Colonel Lucien Champion announced ominously from Katanga on July 20, that 750 "mutinous Congolese" had been sent to other provinces and that 1500 more "are to be interrogated." In Katanga, soldiers of the former Force Publique loyal to the central government were being called "mutineers!" One of them was General Victor Lundula, Commander of the National Congolese Army. He was arrested, questioned, and finally expelled.

While Congolese Government troops were being disarmed and "interrogated" by Belgian officers, other Belgian officers were training the new Katangese army, recruited from unemployed Katangese youths.

"There is no question of Belgian troops leaving Katanga," said Moïse Tshombe. *Union Minière du Haut Katanga* had already paid him for his secession government an advance of 1,250,000,000 francs (cited by Jules Chomé in *Moïse Tshombe et L'escroquerie Katangaise*) from revenues formerly turned over to the Congo Government. There were also several million francs put in a personal account for him in Switzerland.

There was talk, among Tshombe's white friends, of making Baudouin King of Katanga. There was mention of "integrating" the rest of the Congo with Katanga. And from the Katanga regime, officially and unofficially, came a constant flood of slander against Lumumba and his government.

Nearly every day Lumumba received messages from the Katanga, Baluba and others opposed to the secession, saying, "Help us fight for our freedom." In desperation he called a council of his ministers on July 21. They voted a resolution that, faced with the refusal of the Belgian Government to evacuate its troops in accordance with the decision of the UN Security Council, they were obliged to call on the Soviet Union or countries of Africa to send in troops.

The next day the UN Security Council passed their second resolution, which called on the Belgians to evacuate their troops *rapidly*. Lumumba accepted this on face value as applying to the troops in Katanga, and decided it was no longer necessary to summon outside military aid. But he remained wary.

In retrospect, the extent of Lumumba's activities in those brief eight days, between July 14 and 22, is almost beyond belief.

On the nineteenth he took the delayed trip to Stanleyville and to a wildly enthusiastic audience made one of his most beautiful speeches. There were certain Europeans who had tried to turn "Bakongo against Bangala, Kasavubu against Lumumba," he said, but that was in the past. He spoke of the future and all his dreams of a free and prosper-

ous Congo, of the role of women in the new republic and how they would be treated as equals, and of how important it was for everyone to share in the building of that republic. "Dear brothers, dear sisters, that the Congo is independent does not mean that money will fall from the sky . . . Money will come, but only through our own efforts."

He presided over other meetings, talked to his soldiers, spoke daily to the people over the radio, conferred with his ministers, addressed Parliament. He held constant press conferences with the nearly three hundred journalists who had come to Leopoldville from all over the world to write about the "Congo disaster."

The journalists were fascinated by him, even those who wrote unkind stories to please their papers. Unlike some public figures, he was never boring or pompous. Though he talked to the reporters as friends, he did not forget the dignity of his office. A young woman journalist, Jane Rouch, who was trying to get an interview with the elusive Kasavubu, once persuaded a Congolese guard to let her into the presidential palace. She found herself in a hall where Lumumba was conferring with his ministers.

He raised his eyebrows. "Mademoiselle, would you walk into President Eisenhower's cabinet meeting without permission?" he asked her sternly.

In the midst of his official duties, Lumumba found time for some lengthy conferences with an American millionaire named Edgar Detwiler. A gentle-mannered man of sixty-two with silver-white hair, Detwiler looked more like a philosopher than a businessman. For Lumumba's consideration he presented a truly colossal investment plan to put at the Congo's disposal specialists in finance, engineering, public works, architecture, transportation, mining, irrigation, and other fields, for the purpose of developing the country's natural resources—in return for exploitation rights for fifty years.

Lumumba listened with interest and promised to discuss

the matter with his ministers. A contract was drawn up, but for reasons which neither of them could foresee, it would never be submitted to Parliament.

In their conversations Detwiler urged the Prime Minister to visit America.

"You will like our country," he once wrote him. "Its population is made up of people from all over the world who have sought refuge, with equal opportunity for all. Over 21 million of her 190 million inhabitants are of African descent—more than those of the Republics of Congo, Ghana, Liberia, and Guinea combined. These Afro-American citizens are well-educated, have comfortable homes and good jobs. They fill important places in our Government at every level."

Whether or not Lumumba accepted all this at face value, the idea of going to America appealed to him greatly. It would give him a chance to meet Dag Hammarskjöld and press the cause of freeing Katanga at the UN. He could also see officials of the United States State Department and enlist their sympathy in the Congo's immediate needs. Moreover, he had retained his youthful fascination with America, which had originated through contact with the Kitawalists of Kindu, who believed that God was an American.

He left on July 22 in a Ghanaian plane. Detwiler went along, as did a delegation of fourteen Congolese ministers and political leaders, including Joseph Okito, the highly intelligent Vice-president of the Senate. In Lumumba's absence, his deputy prime minister, Antoine Gizenga, would take his place; Lumumba knew he could count on Gizenga's ability and loyalty.

A military escort accompanied them to the airport. Scores of friends gathered around Lumumba. One of them gave him an ivory baton to take to the States. Another presented him with a leopard-skin headdress to wear there. The gifts touched him deeply. He smiled his thanks and waved to his friends in the cheeriest of farewells.

Actually, he was in a somber mood. The tragedy that had struck the Congo hung over him like a nightmare. He knew that there was a plot to destroy him and his country, and that the plotters had unlimited funds at their disposal. Money, with its power of corrupting even the seemingly incorruptible, was a frightening enemy. He had used every skill of his oratory and his will to combat that enemy, but he was not at all certain of success.

His mood changed when they reached Accra, in Ghana, their first stop. There were so many thousands of Ghanaians on the airfield waiting to see him that the pilot hesitated to land. For two hours Lumumba was closeted with his friend, Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's President, who, as in the past, loaded him down with advice.

In London, where they stopped again, Lumumba was welcomed with the honor due his rank by John Profumo, Secretary of State in the British Foreign Service. Cheering crowds lined the highway from the airport. In front of his hotel, demonstrators marched holding up placards: "Bravo Lumumba!" "Long Live the United Congo!" "Liberty for the Congo!"

Lumumba was soon to discover that he had become the most-talked-about man in the world.

A nineteen-gun salute marked his arrival in New York on July 24. He was escorted at once to the United Nations, where Dag Hammarskjöld received him with a warm smile and a firm handshake. They conferred for most of three days. Hammarskjöld agreed with him that the Katanga situation was serious, but said it must be dealt with "stage by stage" to avoid bloodshed. Lumumba retained the impression that the Secretary General would take the necessary steps to oust the Belgian troops.

African UN delegates gave receptions for him. He held a lengthy press conference on July 25, was interviewed by newspaper and magazine reporters, appeared on radio and television. Journalists were impressed with how frankly and

reasonably he answered their questions. But when they asked him about the rape stories, he categorically denied them. He still believed they were invented by the Belgians.

He spoke at Harvard to a highly interested audience, and later visited Howard University, which he called "the pride of the black race." Congolese students would soon be coming there, he said, and he invited Howard students to come to the Congo, as technicians, doctors, and dentists, to work "on the land of their ancestors."

Americans, black and white, were charmed by this tall, bearded, elegantly dressed young African. "Though quiet and retiring, he spoke clearly and forcefully," wrote the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Lumumba reached Washington on July 27. He was met by Secretary of State Christian Herter, and lodged at the celebrated Blair House, where so many heads of state and VIPs had stayed before him. There was some indignation about this in Belgium; people thought America was betraying them. The conservative *La Libre Belgique* wrote an unpleasant article pointing out how ironic it was that a country which treated its own black population so poorly should turn over the Blair House, where General de Gaulle, Premier Khrushchev, and their own Paul-Henri Spaak had stayed, to this African.

"Africa is neither Communist, American, nor French," Lumumba told his Washington press conference. "Africa is Africa."

One afternoon, State Department protocol men escorted him to Mount Vernon, home of George Washington. It was the high point of his trip. He could not help drawing a comparison between America's fight for independence and the troubles of the country in 1776, and the turmoil surrounding the birth of the Congo's independence.

Sometime during his stay in Washington he asked the State Department about the loan of an official airplane for himself and President Kasavubu. Since their humiliating

experiences with Belgian pilots, they would not and could not depend on Belgian airlines. The State Department spoke of the inadvisability of "unilateral aid" and referred him to the United Nations. The UN truthfully said this was out of their jurisdiction.

Lumumba was still in Washington when Antoine Gizenga wired him that the Belgians had attacked the Kolwezi barracks in Katanga. The soldiers at Kolwezi were, as one Belgian described them, "gangrenous with Lumumbism." They had refused to give up their arms to the Belgians. While airplanes bombarded them, they were encircled by Belgian ground troops. A European officer admitted that the besieged soldiers "fought bravely and fired accurately." But they did not have a chance.

His mind still on those soldiers in the distant savanna of Katanga who had given their lives for him and for their country, Lumumba flew to Canada. He hoped to enlist technicians from among the French-speaking population, but Canadian officials, indignant at the Congo's rupture with Belgium, received him coolly and made no promises.

When he returned to Washington, the atmosphere had changed there too. In his absence, the Belgian Ambassador had called on the Secretary of State. There had been a report from Clare Timberlake, the American Ambassador in the Congo. And there had been a high-level decision to avoid any commitments to the Congo's Prime Minister. The State Department had paid scant heed to Moise Tshombe's hysterical cries that Lumumba was a Communist. They undoubtedly knew that he was not. What worried them was that he was not more anti-Communist. They were afraid that the Lumumba government might make a deal with the Soviet Union for the exploitation of the Congo's copper, cobalt, germanium, industrial diamonds, and other raw materials which American industry needed.

Ironically, the nearest Lumumba ever came to making any arrangement for the exploitation of the Congo's natural

resources was with the American, Edgar Detwiler. But Lumumba nonetheless became *persona non grata* to the American State Department.

In London, on Lumumba's return journey, a new Ilyushin plane was waiting for him—a gift from the Soviet Union. The Russians had learned of his need for an official plane and had acted promptly. He was not Communist, French, or American; he was an African. He accepted gratefully.

Lumumba landed at Tunis on August 4 and was cordially received by President Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia. In historic Carthage he gave a press conference. Among the twenty journalists who attended was a young man of Polish origin and Algerian citizenship named Serge Michel. He and Lumumba felt an immediate bond of comradeship. Impulsively, Lumumba invited him to join his staff. Serge Michel would act as his press attaché from then on for the brief period that the Lumumba government survived.

Later that day, President Kasavubu telephoned Lumumba from Leopoldville to let him know of a new catastrophe. Albert Kalonji, his old rival, following the example of Moïse Tshombe, had announced the secession of South Kasai, the diamond region, and had taken the title of Mulopwe, the King of the Baluba!

Lumumba's first thought was to fly back to New York to enlist the support of the UN Security Council. On reflection, he decided to continue as he had planned, attempting to win the backing of several other African states on his way home.

In the next two days he paid rapid visits to King Mohammed V of Morocco, President William Tubman of Liberia, President Sylvanus Olympio of the tiny Republic of Togo, and President Sékou Touré of Guinea. In these quick visits, one factor was constant—the cheering crowds. All the African leaders he saw expressed sympathy with the Congo's troubles, which were similar to ones in their

own countries, only more exaggerated, and some pledged military support, should it become necessary. The general feeling was that the United Nations forces would be able to handle the situation. Lumumba took their sympathy as proof of African solidarity and reached home in a confident mood.

The trip had been exhilarating for the most part, but it had been tiring, even for someone of his seemingly limitless energies. As the long official motorcade drove him to Leopoldville from the airport at eleven in the evening of August 8, he stood upright in the first car, smiling at his city and relieved to be home.

A crowd had gathered in front of his residence on Boulevard Tilkens. To his surprise, it included many adolescent girls. They wore white shirts, orange skirts, and blue caps, the uniform of the youth of ABAKO. It was probably too dark to see the words on the placards they carried, but there was no mistaking the hostile cries:

"Down with Lumumbal" "Down with the traitor government!"

THE DOUBLE REVOCATION

The Congo is an ocean; it has all kinds of fish.

— ANTOINE GIZENGA

In the entrance hall of the *Palais des Nations* was a blackboard with "Lost Objects" written across the top. During Lumumba's absence someone wrote "A Republic" beneath that heading.

Without the stimulation of the Prime Minister's fiery press conferences, foreign journalists found Leopoldville a dreary, even sinister place. Each morning they took up posts in front of the Presidential Palace, in the hope of an interview with Kasavubu. But all the time Lumumba was gone, Kasavubu had made just one public appearance, a hasty visit to Camp Nkokolo, the former Camp Leopold II.

Of the 8235 Belgians holding administrative posts on the date of independence, only some 500 remained. African clerks and assistants did their best to take over the work, but inevitably there was much confusion, heightened by the fact that many Belgians had taken office and safe keys with them and had destroyed files. European teachers on summer vacations were not expected to return. The United Nations had sent in technical help to fill the gaps and was meeting with some success, especially in the banks. Leopoldville's unemployment problem was more desperate than ever.

The Lumumba government, for which unity was so essential, began splitting up into factions. The strongest dissi-

dents to Lumumba were from ABAKO, PUNA, the Bangala party, and MNC-Kalonji. They blamed Lumumba for unemployment, for the departure of the Belgians, and for the fighting between the Bena Lulua and the Baluba in the Kasai. Anonymous tracts, printed in Brussels or in Brazzaville across the river, were mysteriously distributed. "Lumumba is the Devil," said one of them. "He will sell your wives to the Russians."

Dag Hammarskjöld had flown to Leopoldville after his talks with Lumumba in New York and ordered Dr. Ralph Bunche to fly to Elisabethville to arrange for some UN troops to enter Katanga on August 6. The UN representative saw Moise Tshombe, but only in the company of his Belgian Army Commander, Major Guy Weber, and his European advisers. They had convinced Dr. Bunche that any UN troops venturing into Katanga would be resisted with force.

Hammarskjöld, whose mandate from the Security Council did not cover the use of force, canceled the Katanga operation and flew back to New York for consultation.

In the meantime there was Kalonji's secession of southern Kasai, with the resulting loss of revenue from the diamond mines of Forminière, and the further disintegration of the Congo Republic.

To this heartbreaking and uncertain situation, Lumumba returned after the world acclaim of his spectacular voyage.

Serge Michel, the young man Lumumba had added to his staff in Tunisia, reached Leopoldville two days later to take up his new post as press attaché. Later he wrote a vivid account of his first impressions.

He approached the Prime Minister's residence through a garden bordered with shiny-leaved mango trees, intertwined with lianas. A guard in a printed blue shirt patterned with the words "Coca-Cola," gave him a card to fill out. Michel was ushered into a large salon decorated with reproductions of Renoir, Georges Braque, and Modigliani.

On a buffet were plastic flowers in a crystal vase and two carved elephant tusks. There were innumerable little tables, easy chairs, and a piano.

The salon was crowded with visitors. Servants offered them a choice of champagne or beer. Madame Lumumba walked in shyly, a little boy at her side, but did not stay. The visitors, who had come to drink, to talk, or to propose wild schemes, kept their eyes on the door of the Prime Minister's office. When he finally appeared, the atmosphere changed abruptly. Tall and smiling, there was something electric about his presence.

Michel learned later that Lumumba really liked to have all these hangers-on around. He needed people. But in those days, when it came to work, he depended on himself. When something had to be typed, he usually did it.

Ever since independence, his enemies and rivals had been accusing him of setting up a dictatorship. Their fears were absurd. He had had no time to set up a dictatorship, even had he been so inclined. But immediately after his return from America, he did put curbs on the hostile press by giving the Government the right to ban journals publishing material likely to bring the Government into disrespect. He ordered the arrests of certain people whom he suspected were involved in traitorous activities. He declared a state of emergency throughout the Congo. These steps seemed vital if the country was to survive.

In New York, on August 8, the UN Security Council passed a resolution again demanding the withdrawal of the Belgian troops, but stipulating "that the forces of the United Nations in the Congo would not be part of any interior conflict whatsoever, constitutional or otherwise, would not intervene in it, and would not be utilized to influence the issue."

To Lumumba, this clause indicated that Belgian diplomacy had won. Since the United Nations obviously considered the secessions of Katanga and of southern Kasai as

"internal conflicts," it seemed to him that it was up to the Congo Government to resolve these conflicts on its own.

It was this line of thinking that led him to authorize a plan, first conceived by Colonel Joseph Mobutu, for reducing the secessions by use of Congolese troops. Jean Van Lierde, a conscientious objector, and others of Lumumba's colleagues opposed the use of force and tried vainly to persuade Lumumba that it would not work.

Congolese National Army forces were deployed to Kivu Province and to northern Kasai. Those in the Kasai, under General Victor Lundula, were charged with putting down Kalonji's secession, then proceeding east into Katanga. The detachments in Kivu were to march into northern Katanga and join forces with the Katanga Baluba and other dissident groups, in order to wage guerrilla warfare against Tshombe's sparse troops in this area.

The army maneuvers met little resistance at first and seemed to have had a fair degree of success. "In our opinion, Katanga was in its greatest danger when, toward mid-August, it was threatened in the north by two thousand Lumumbist soldiers . . . and by the advance of the National Army in Kasai," wrote a correspondent of the Elisabethville journal *Essor du Congo*.

But in the Kasai, the Congolese National Army became involved in the tribal warfare of the Bena Lulua and the Baluba. While the Kasai Baluba supported Kalonji, the Government troops joined the Bena Lulua. What had started as an effort to end a political secession turned into a series of massacres in which many civilians lost their lives. This was not at all what Lumumba had planned or intended, but neither General Lundula, who was on the spot, nor the Prime Minister, who was not, was able to stop their troops from indiscriminate slaughtering.

On August 12, Dag Hammarskjöld flew directly to Elisabethville from New York to confer with Moise Tshombe.

Not very tactfully, he permitted no representatives of the Congo Government to accompany him.

Wily as always, the President of secessionist Katanga arranged a welcome ceremony so that Hammarskjöld had to stop in front of the Katanga flag during the singing of the Katangese national anthem. This gave the impression that the UN was recognizing Katanga's independence, and Tshombe's European friends were delighted.

Lumumba, seeing only that Hammarskjöld's visit had strengthened Katanga's position, was further disillusioned. In a series of three letters to the Secretary General, sent between August 14 and 15, he expressed his grievances. Hammarskjöld responded briefly and a little haughtily. He had not seen the Belgian massacre of Congolese soldiers at Kolwezi, and probably doubted that and other similar stories. Lumumba's passionate outpourings struck him as being in the worst of taste. Later, faced with irrefutable evidence about the European role in Katanga and in the Kasai, he would change his mind. But for Lumumba, it would come too late.

To the Congolese Prime Minister, it seemed more and more as though the UN troops were simply replacing the Belgian troops as an occupying army.

One evening, there was an excruciating scene at the Memling Hotel in Leopoldville. A Congolese soldier offended some Belgians in the lobby. Several UN soldiers arrived and disarmed him. The Belgians laughed and clapped their hands.

Lumumba lodged a bitter protest at the UN office. Their troops had no right to disarm Congolese soldiers, he said. They had not come here for that. Their sole purpose was to stop Belgian aggression.

On Sunday, August 28, Lumumba flew to Stanleyville with Serge Michel, Madame Andrée Blouin, his Chief of Protocol, and several journalists. He looked forward to the warm acclaim he always received there as a relief from the

hostile demonstrations that plagued him daily in Leopoldville. But the large crowd awaiting him at the airport was strangely silent. On the field was an American Globemaster. A Canadian pilot, supported by two civilian Congolese, came toward him. His clothes were in rags and his face was bloody.

Aghast, Lumumba demanded an explanation.

The story came out. Several thousand people were waiting for Lumumba when the Globemaster landed. It had brought three tons of food supplied by the United Nations, and for forty minutes, as the crew unloaded it, the people cheered. Then someone—a traitor or a fool—had cried out that the “European” crew were spies sent to assassinate Lumumba. Civilians and soldiers fell on them with blows. Seven Americans and two Canadians had been taken to a hospital.

At a rally that evening, Lumumba told his enormous audience that they must learn to get along with Europeans. They shouted their willingness to do so. The speech was used by his enemies as proof that he was planning to bring the Russians in as the new masters of the Congo. The facts were further twisted, and soon it was being said that Lumumba had stood by and watched while the Canadians and Americans were beaten.

About a week after the Stanleyville episode, Lumumba did accept foreign aid. Ten Soviet planes landed at Stanleyville, bringing food and medical supplies. This was confirmed by Greek authorities who had examined the cargo to make sure that there were no munitions when the Russian airplanes stopped to refuel in Athens. They were small planes, each capable of transporting about twenty passengers. At Lumumba’s request, they carried two hundred Congolese soldiers to the Kasai.

It would be charged not only that these planes brought arms and munitions but that their pilots were soldiers disguised as civilians. The number and size of the planes would be magnified enormously by rumor.

At 8:15 the evening of September 5, Radio Leo, as the Leopoldville broadcasting station was called, interrupted an English-lesson broadcast to announce a special communiqué from Chief of State Joseph Kasavubu. His voice, smooth and flutelike, came on: "My dear fellow countrymen, I have extremely important news to announce to you," he began. He then went on to state that "by the constitutional powers which have been conferred on me," he was revoking Patrice Lumumba and naming Joseph Ileo as the new Prime Minister.

Six other ministers were included in Kasavubu's revocation of Lumumba: Rémy Mwamba, Christophe Gbenye, Antoine Gizenga, Anicet Kashamura, Antoine Bolamba, and Jacques Lumbala.

Lumumba did not hear Kasavubu's broadcast but learned of it through Serge Michel. His reaction was partly sorrow but mostly anger. He spoke three times over Radio Leo that evening. He said that the Government had been democratically elected by the people and could be revoked only by the people. He said that Kasavubu was Chief of State because this Government, chosen by the people, had elected him. He said that Kasavubu had betrayed the nation, that he, Lumumba, had not been consulted in advance by Kasavubu or by anyone else. He blamed Belgium and the United Nations, spoke of plots and counterplots. He announced that he was revoking Kasavubu. He said many other bitter things.

He also said, "Brothers, rest united, march hand in hand, victory is ours."

Kasavubu based the legality of his action on Resolution 22 of the *Loi Fondamentale*, the Constitution, which stated that the Head of State had the right to revoke a minister, provided his declaration was signed by two ministers. Minister Resident in Belgium Delvaux and Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko had both signed his declaration.

Lumumba's claim that it was illegal was, however, well

founded. The *Loi Fondamentale*, though theoretically in force, had never been ratified by Parliament, nor even discussed by them. It remained a provisional constitution, approved only by the Round Table delegates, who had no official power, to serve until a new constitution could be drawn up. Moreover, as one Belgian lawyer pointed out, it was most unlikely that Parliament would ever have approved a resolution which gave the Head of State the right to dismiss a duly elected government official "on a whim or a caprice."

The question remains as to why Kasavubu should have wanted to dismiss Lumumba. In his book *C.I.A.: The Inside Story*, Andrew Tully says that the American Central Intelligence Agency influenced Kasavubu. It is also possible that it was a personal matter with Kasavubu, that he resented Lumumba's popularity. However, it is still a mystery why, if Kasavubu disapproved of any of Lumumba's actions, he did not say so directly to the Prime Minister before taking such a drastic step.

After making his three radio speeches the night of September 5, Lumumba called a cabinet meeting, which was attended by thirteen of his ministers. Unanimously, they issued a communiqué accusing Kasavubu of high treason and dismissing him as Head of State.

The next day, the United Nations closed down Radio Leo and stationed Ghanaian soldiers around it. They also closed down the major airports in the Congo to all but UN traffic. This was done on the orders of Andrew Cordier, an American, who was interim UN representative to the Congo between the departure of Dr. Ralph Bunche and the arrival of the new representative, Rajeshwar Dayal of India.

Lumumba was the one to suffer the most from these actions. In a country where there were few newspapers, the radio was his chief means of reaching his people. Kasavubu, who had close ties with Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President

of Brazzaville Congo, could send tapes across the river to be broadcast from there, but Lumumba had no such alternative.

The shutdown of the airports was even more disastrous for him. Most of Kasavubu's supporters, the Bakongo, were in Leopoldville or nearby. Lumumba's far more numerous followers were scattered all across the country. He could not get to them. Many members of Parliament who were out of town could not get back. General Victor Lundula, who was loyal to Lumumba, was stranded in Kasai and could not return for several days. Nor could any of Lumumba's sympathetic African neighbors fly in to give him moral or other support.

The United Nations ban on air travel was not impartial. It was lifted to allow Joseph Ileo, Kasavubu's choice of Prime Minister, to travel through the provinces in an unsuccessful attempt to rally support. There were other exceptions, none favoring Lumumba.

Dag Hammarskjöld was not consulted about the radio and airport shutdown in advance, though later he condoned it—reluctantly, it is said. Andrew Cordier claimed it was necessary to avoid bloodshed and civil war. By any standards, it is hard not to see it as interference with the Congo's internal affairs, contrary to the UN mandate.

The Chamber of Deputies convened on September 7 in a four-hour meeting. Lumumba spoke to them with surprising mildness. He did not attack Kasavubu but, on the contrary, insisted that he considered him his best friend. Applause frequently interrupted him. A motion declaring invalid the dismissal of both Kasavubu and Lumumba was passed by sixty votes to nineteen. The Senate met the next day in another long session and voted to support Lumumba by an overwhelming majority of forty-one votes against two, with six abstentions.

These votes of confidence no longer counted. The radio

and airport shutdown lasted only a few days until Rajeshwar Dayal took over the post of UN representative on September 8. But for Lumumba, the damage was already done.

THE COUP OF MOBUTU

The leopard arrives during a fight between husband and wife. Should they abandon their quarrel to fight the leopard?

—*Congolese senator*

Kasavubu had revoked Lumumba. Lumumba had revoked Kasavubu. It was, said one jester, a perfect comic-opera situation.

In between sessions of Parliament, Lumumba called a press conference at his residence. The journalists were served champagne and little cakes, while he talked to them long and intimately, as though they were his last contact with the world outside.

"Messieurs journalists, you are present to witness history in the making . . . Be our faithful interpreters . . . Report honestly . . . We are friends . . . the United States, France, the USSR—we are friends with them all."

Their "Lulu," as some of them called him affectionately, was in good form. They took notes rapidly.

Lumumba gave a garden party a few days later. The press was there, and so was General Victor Lundula, who had finally been allowed to take a plane from the Kasai. "I am Commander-in-Chief of the Congolese Army," he said mournfully, "but the head of the Congo is the United Nations." No foreign ambassadors put in an appearance. Lumumba pretended not to notice, and all present had a good time.

Two days later, Kasavubu held a reception in the magnifi-

cent salon of the Presidential Palace. All the ambassadors who had spurned Lumumba's invitation attended.

From Ghana, Kwame Nkrumah sent Lumumba a series of affectionate, fatherly letters, overflowing with advice and reassurance. "Be completely calm . . . Be patient . . . Be cool as a cucumber . . . Consolidate your position . . . Don't disturb the sleeping cat."

But Lumumba was in no mood to be calm, patient, and cool as a cucumber.

Soldiers arrested him on September 12 and took him to Camp Nkokolo—on whose authority it is not clear. General Lundula arranged his release a few hours later. While people were worrying about him, he suddenly appeared riding through Leopoldville in a jeep filled with soldiers sympathetic to him.

"I am still standing, I am still Prime Minister, and my Government is still in power," he cried into a loudspeaker.

Later that day, Kasavubu dismissed General Lundula and appointed Joseph Mobutu as head of the National Congolese Army. There were two governments, and there was no government.

A new act opened on September 14 in this tragic "comic opera." Colonel Mobutu "neutralized" both Lumumba and Kasavubu.

"Fellow countrymen," Mobutu announced on the radio, "the Congolese Army has decided to neutralize the Chief of State, the two rival governments, as well as the two legislative bodies, until the date of December 1960. The politicians will thus have time to get together to serve the superior interest of the country . . . The army is going to aid the country to save it from chaos . . ."

Later, standing on a table in the lobby of the Hotel Regina, Mobutu held a press conference at which he went into more detail about his plan for running a government without its elected leaders. A group of the Congo's first university graduates were now doing graduate work abroad.

An appeal was to be sent to these Congolese youths to come home. Temporarily, they were to take over the nation's administrative duties.

There was considerable surprise that this good-natured, amiable young ex-journalist should assume the powers of a military dictator.

According to some, the Americans had encouraged him to take this step. Journalists, ever observant, noticed that Mobutu paid frequent calls at the American Embassy, going in not by the front entrance but by a side entrance. Anicet Kashamura, Lumumba's Minister of Information, said that Andrew Cordier had called on Mobutu before leaving his temporary post as UN representative. Subsequently, Mobutu was allowed to take the credit for an allotment of five million francs from UN funds to reimburse his unpaid soldiers.

Andrew Tully, in *C.I.A.: The Inside Story*, says flatly that Mobutu was "discovered by the CIA." The Central Intelligence Agency, when questioned about the truth of this, refused to confirm or deny it, in accordance with their official policy.

It is also said that General Kettani, deputy commander of the UN forces, put the idea of a military coup into Mobutu's head. Kettani, a Moroccan, had served as an officer in the French Army. Temporarily, he was acting as adviser on military reorganization of the National Congolese Army, and in this capacity he worked closely with Mobutu.

Francis Monheim, a Belgian reporter who became Mobutu's official biographer, claims that Mobutu planned the coup on his own to stop other officers from a more violent military takeover. Since Mobutu gave him most of the material for his biography, this is obviously Mobutu's own story.

Whatever the facts back of his coup, Mobutu quickly gave proof that he was even more zealously anti-Communist than

the American State Department, by ordering the closing of the Soviet and Czechoslovakian embassies and giving the embassy staffs just forty-eight hours to leave the country. At the same time he ordered all Russian technicians in the Congo to leave.

President Kasavubu called Mobutu's coup "insolent," but was soon collaborating with him.

Lumumba simply could not believe that Mobutu, whom he had considered a very close and trusted friend, would betray him. Certain that if he could talk to Mobutu, everything would be all right, he drove out to camp Nkokolo to see him. He waited all night, but Mobutu did not appear. The next morning his quarters were invaded by some Kasai Baluba soldiers, who held him responsible for the massacre of their tribespeople. Only the quick action of UN Ghanaian troops saved him from their revenge.

In the confusion, Lumumba left his briefcase behind him. Whoever found it turned it over to his political opponents. Soon the alleged contents of this briefcase were being widely circulated. One document (dated September 16, though the briefcase had been seized the previous day) was a memo announcing that Soviet troops would arrive in the Congo the following week.

Another was an alleged letter from Lumumba addressed to all provincial presidents except Moise Tshombe. It described various tortures to be used on captured political foes. Too late to repair its damaging effect, a Swiss police expert employed by the United Nations pronounced this frightening diatribe a forgery.

The only documents of undoubted authenticity that were produced were the letters from Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, the ones counseling Lumumba to be patient, to be calm, and not to disturb the sleeping cat.

Lumumba called another press conference at his residence on September 16. It was almost his last. "It is now

the journalists who govern, because they alone speak in the name of the Congo," he told them.

The next day Mobutu's troops entered the *Palais des Nations* and forcibly evicted the senators and deputies. Jean Bolikango, with a police escort, came to Anicet Kashamura's office to take over his post as Minister of Information.

Behind the scenes African diplomats, Lumumba's own ministers, and concerned members of the UN staff tried to reconcile Kasavubu and Lumumba, so that a legitimate government could be resumed. Lumumba was eager for it. The Chief of State expressed his willingness. He and Lumumba signed a document to that effect on September 17. Both agreed to go on radio to announce the reconciliation. A car was waiting in front of the Presidential Palace to take Kasavubu to the station, when he was summoned to the telephone. After that mysterious call, he canceled his broadcast. There was no more talk of reconciliation.

The Congolese students returned from abroad on Mobutu's orders, to form a "College of Commissioners," which had the task of governing and administering the country. Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko, co-signer of Kasavubu's declaration revoking Lumumba, was Mobutu's choice to head the College of Commissioners.

Students who supported Lumumba refused to participate. Among the others, some were bright and willing, but lacked practical experience. They called on their former Belgian teachers to guide them. Once again, Belgians were shaping policy. There were some disputes between these Belgians and the UN technical assistants.

Nearly all the new African nations still hoped for the return of the legal government of Kasavubu and Lumumba. Mobutu's relations with them became strained, particularly with Ghana and Guinea. Nor could he count on the full support of his army. The only troops he could be sure were not "gangrenous with Lumumbism," as the Belgian officer in Katanga had put it, were the Kasai Baluba, who also sup-

ported Kalonji and the Kasai secession. Though Mobutu had gained a little control over his troops by paying their salaries, in Leopoldville, where the army doubled as a police force, soldiers turned to looting.

Uncertainty plagued Mobutu so long as Lumumba was at large. He asked Rajeshwar Dayal, the UN representative, to have him arrested, but Dayal refused. For Dag Hammarskjöld, Dayal wrote a harsh report on Mobutu, whom he called "a usurper of political power."

The government troops sent to Katanga and the Kasai were called back. Starvation assumed horrifying proportions in the Kasai. In northern Katanga, Baluba tribesmen, armed with bicycle chains and bows and arrows, continued their guerrilla warfare against Moise Tshombe. In time, 50,000 Katanga refugees from Tshombe, mostly Baluba, would be crowded into an improvised and dreadfully inadequate United Nations camp outside Elisabethville.

As it became clear that Mobutu could not prevent disorders, it became equally obvious that Lumumba was not responsible for them. Partly because of Rajeshwar Dayal's uncompromising reports, and partly because of indisputable proof of European involvement in the Katanga and Kasai secessions, the attitude of many UN high officials began to change. In the General Assembly, Nehru of India urged that the United Nations strive to get the Congolese Parliament recalled so as to restore the government of the people. In Leopoldville, members of the United Nations Congo Operation dealt with Kasavubu, whom they recognized as the legal head of state, but ignored Mobutu and his College of Commissioners.

Far from arresting Lumumba, Rajeshwar Dayal set a twenty-four-hour-a-day guard of UN troops around the Prime Minister's residence on Boulevard Tilkens, to protect him from arrest. Mobutu promptly ordered a guard of Congolese soldiers to surround the Blue Berets. Cut off so dramatically from the world, Lumumba may have had

time to catch up on his sleep and to get reacquainted with Pauline and his children.

But his mind would not rest. Convinced that his predicament was temporary, he continued to make plans for the future. He wrote to his lawyer friend, Jules Chomé, in Belgium, asking him to draw up a new constitution which would be more suitable for the Congo's needs than the Belgian-modeled *Loi Fondamentale*.

He also worked out a plan to cancel concessions to foreign industrialists that had never been put to productive use. For instance, *Forminière*, the industrial-diamond company, had a concession to mine iron in the Kasai. They had not done so, simply because there was not enough profit in exporting iron.

It struck Lumumba that iron could have a vital role in the Congo's economic independence. He envisaged large factories which could employ thousands and thousands of workers. Though at first these domestic products might cost more than the same products purchased abroad, from the United States or West Germany, in the end they would mean self-sufficiency and independence from foreign imports.

For Lumumba, winning independence was only an initial step toward bringing prosperity to his people, toward making the Congo strong. For the first time since he had assumed office he had the leisure to devote his mental energies to the multiple problems ahead.

His Spanish friend Luis Lopez Alvarez crossed over from Brazzaville to see Lumumba and found his way barred by Mobutu's soldiers. Mobutu was an old friend of his from the days of the Round Table and before. With a Chilean journalist, Alvarez took a taxi to Mobutu's villa outside Leopoldville. As the taxi approached, soldiers stopped and searched them several times. The villa was surrounded with a barbed-wire barricade, where more soldiers made them

get out of the taxi to be searched. Eventually, Alvarez persuaded the soldiers to take his card to Mobutu.

After a long wait, a guard came out and said that they could enter. They walked toward the villa directly in the line of fire of a tank stationed in front of the entrance. They were searched again before they were admitted to the Colonel's presence. Mobutu shook hands with them both and invited them to lunch.

All during the meal Mobutu talked on—about how he hoped Lumumba would get together with Kasavubu, about how he himself had no personal ambition or desire for power, about how he was suffering from hypertension and needed rest.

At last, Alvarez got to the point of his visit. He still had a strong friendship for Lumumba, he said, and he wanted to see him. Would Mobutu arrange it?

"Are you in a great hurry?" Mobutu asked sharply.

"No, not really," Alvarez found himself saying.

"In that case, wait a few days," Mobutu told him. "I'm going to withdraw my soldiers soon."

There was nothing left to say. Alvarez realized he would never get his pass.

The Congolese guards around Lumumba's house were, in fact, erratic in their decisions as to whom they would admit and whom they would turn away. Strangely enough, Lumumba's phone was not disconnected, and he could have long conversations with his friends. Though he was in protective custody, he was not officially a prisoner.

On September 29, he left his house escorted by a UN guard and two of his ministers, Christophe Gbenye and Georges Grenfell. They drove to a small African bar, one of Lumumba's old haunts, where he danced, drank a beer and flirted with a pretty Bena Lulua woman, as though deliberately to annoy the Kasai Baluba. As in former days, people swarmed around him, laughing and utterly delighted with his visit.

Next he went to see Anicet Kashamura. Journalists had caught up with him by this time and followed him in. He was in good form and held everyone spellbound. "I feel that I am going to die," he said melodramatically. "I will die like Gandhi."

On October 9, he left his house again and drove through the African suburbs of Leopoldville. Crowds followed him everywhere. Again and again he had his chauffeur stop so that he could speak to them. It was clear that he had lost none of his personal magnetism. U. S. Ambassador Clare Timberlake once commented that if Lumumba walked into any gathering of Congolese politicians as a waiter with a tray on his head, he could walk out as the Prime Minister. This was as true now as it had ever been.

Mobutu was enraged at his sorties, and even more by the evidence of his continued popularity. One day someone saw a man following Lumumba and scraping up the dirt beneath his footsteps. He was a sorcerer who had been paid for a spell to make a man invulnerable.

Two of Lumumba's cabinet—Deputy Prime Minister Antoine Gizenga and Maurice Mpolo, Minister of Youth and Sports—were arrested by Mobutu's soldiers, but were liberated when the UN protested. In October, Antoine Gizenga set off on a 2000-mile drive to Stanleyville, where he established what he called the legitimate government of the Congo.

Early in November, two Congolese delegations arrived at the United Nations in New York. Kasavubu headed one of them. The other was led by Thomas Kanza for the Lumumba government. Both claimed to be the true representatives of their country. The United States and the Western countries, including Belgium, backed Kasavubu's delegation. Some of the Asian-African countries were for Thomas Kanza and the Lumumba government, as was the Soviet bloc. The debate went on day after day, and was so bitter that it nearly split the UN Assembly. The vote,

taken on November 22, was 53 to 24 in favor of Kasavubu, with 19 abstentions. The decision amounted to official UN denial of the legitimacy of Lumumba's government and made his position even more precarious.

Mobutu felt that he could now openly issue a mandate for Lumumba's arrest. A bounty of five million francs was put on his head. It was a tempting offer, but no one took advantage of it. Still Lumumba no longer dared risk touring the African quarters, nor indeed openly leaving his house at all. Victor Nendaka, once MNC vice-president and now head of Mobutu's Security Police, was charged with making the arrest. In code, he called Lumumba "the big rabbit." But so long as the Prime Minister stayed in his residence, Nendaka could not touch him.

In addition to his precarious political situation, Lumumba had a personal worry. Early in November, Pauline, who was suffering from a nervous ailment, prematurely gave birth to a fourth child, a frail little girl they called Christine. Because it was impossible to get proper care for mother and child in the understaffed hospitals of Leopoldville, Lumumba's Italian doctor arranged, through the Red Cross, for them to be sent to Geneva. The baby died there.

Lumumba requested the UN to transport her body to Stanleyville and also asked permission to go there himself for the funeral services, giving his word of honor he would return. The arrangements were never made. The little coffin was finally delivered on a commercial airplane to Lulua-bourg, where Pauline had relatives, but police refused to let Pauline accompany it, and she returned alone to Leopoldville.

In one way or another, Lumumba kept in contact with his supporters. Knowing they were in constant danger, he urged them all to join Antoine Gizenga in Stanleyville, warning them to take different roads to escape detection. One by one they left: Anicet Kashamura; Christophe Gbenye; Pierre Mulele; and President of the Senate Joseph

Okito, the gentle, brilliant man who had so often pleaded with his senators when they rambled off the subject, "Be good, you are not very good today."

Lumumba had no desire to take flight himself. It seemed cowardly to him. Besides, he had never lost hope that his people would reject Mobutu and insist on the return of their legitimate government. But shortly after the middle of November, a document was smuggled in to him that changed his mind.

It pointed out that all the interior of the Congo except Katanga and southern Kasai was strongly for Lumumba. It contained a proposal for a blockade around Leopoldville to cut off food and finances in the capital, thus inevitably causing the Mobutu government to fall. The plan struck Lumumba as reasonable and worth trying.

On the night of Sunday, November 27, a heavy tropical rain was falling on Leopoldville. Both Lumumba's UN guards and the Congolese guards of Mobutu took refuge from the downpour in a small shed. A Chevrolet station wagon moved slowly down the driveway between rows of mango trees. At the wheel was Lumumba's chauffeur, named Patrice like his employer. A Congolese sentinel observed the car and reasoned that it was either taking the servants home or perhaps driving Lumumba's brother Louis, who came to see him frequently. Nonetheless, he called to several soldiers to search it. The chauffeur told them he was going for cigarettes and would be back shortly. They let him pass.

In the back, crouched down behind the seat, was Patrice Lumumba.

He was not leaving because he was afraid, but because he was convinced that he could once more fight for the freedom of his country. With luck, he estimated, he would be in Stanleyville within a fortnight.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT

No one knows the history of tomorrow's dawn.

— *African proverb*

The same evening of November 27, Kasavubu, who had just returned from New York, held a reception at the Presidential Palace to celebrate the acceptance of delegates from the Kasavubu government by the United Nations.

Someone there asked Colonel Mobutu how Kasavubu could have represented the Congo, since he, Mobutu, had "neutralized" him.

"Why, I *de*-neutralized him," the Colonel quipped, laughing. "I had the right, didn't I? After all, I neutralized him in the first place."

While the festivities were going on, Patrice Lumumba was driving out of town not in his own car but in a Peugeot loaned by Cléophas Kamitatu, Provincial President of Leopoldville. The driver was Bernardin Diaka, chief of Lumumba's cabinet. With them was a soldier of Lumumba's Batetela tribe. At normal speed they drove past the airport of Ndjili and headed east. Very late that night they stopped briefly in the valley of Minkawa, because of mechanical difficulty.

This gave time for Lumumba's chauffeur, with the Chevrolet station wagon, to catch up with them. He had stopped to pick up Pauline and their youngest son, Roland. François and Patrice were now in Cairo, attending a French school. Juliana was safe with friends or relatives. While Diaka

changed a tire, Lumumba joined his wife and son in the Chevrolet.

By four o'clock in the morning they had reached the ferry station on the Kwango, one of the tributaries of the Congo River. A third car was waiting for them there, a Fiat, with two other fugitives, Louis Akunda, who was chief of Maurice Mpolo's cabinet of Youth and Sports, and Victor Wungudi, Lumumba's administrative secretary.

The ferrymen and the ferry were on the far bank of the Kwango. Cléophas Kamitatu, who had made arrangements for Lumumba's trip, had sent word for them to be notified, but something had gone amiss. Lumumba and his companions called to them without success. None of them knew the local dialect of this region of Kwilu, and they could not make themselves understood. Diaka hired a fisherman to take him across in his pirogue, a small canoe-type boat, and by gestures persuaded the ferry captain to transport their three cars. To reward them, Lumumba gave the ferrymen 5000 francs and told them they could have a twenty-four-hour leave.

About nine the next morning the travelers caught up with another refugee, Georges Grenfell, a pure Congolese in spite of his English name, a former officer of the MNC, and a Secretary of State in the Lumumba government. His car was stalled. They took him with them.

The roads were muddy, as they always were in the rainy season, and in need of repair, but the countryside was hilly and wooded and pleasant, with occasional small villages surrounded by palm trees. It must have seemed very lovely to Lumumba after his long confinement indoors.

The Fiat and the Peugeot drove on ahead, but were stopped by soldiers, who thought the men had been sent by Mobutu to disarm them. The soldiers took them all prisoners, Diaka and Grenfell included, conducted them to the town of Kenge, and locked them up. All were beaten except for Diaka, who was spared because he was carrying

Lumumba's ivory baton. When the Prime Minister arrived, they were immediately released, and the apologetic Kenge Commissioner of Police furnished the party with an escort of several soldiers and a truckload of gasoline.

About seven that evening they reached Masi-Manimba. The territorial administrator there welcomed them personally but advised them that it would be dangerous to stop. Pauline, usually so compliant, protested that she and Roland were hungry. Lumumba sat with them while they ate at a rest house formerly used by the Belgians, but touched nothing himself. They were there about an hour.

It was twenty hours now since he had left Leopoldville. His disappearance had been quickly noted and there had been a general alert. No airplanes were allowed to leave Ndjili. A helicopter had been borrowed to locate the fugitives. Victor Nendaka assigned Major Gilbert Pongo, Inspector of the Security Police, to direct the search for "the big rabbit" and his friends.

Pongo was a fanatic anti-Lumumbist, and in fact the list of people he hated was very long indeed. Long before independence, he had denounced as Communist all Congolese leaders and all Belgians who sympathized with them. In Brussels a few weeks before, he had burst into the office of Jean Van Lierde. In the presence of Van Lierde's startled colleagues, he had shouted, "Lumumba is going to be arrested and killed. After him in Leopoldville, you are the first on the list, in Brussels, to be thrown into the same hole!"

This excessively irrational person, so filled with hate, must have been overjoyed at the assignment to hunt down Lumumba, who was so widely loved.

Lumumba could not doubt that there would be pursuers, and that the only way to escape them was to keep going. After leaving Masi-Manimba, they drove all night. The next morning they reached Bulungu, intending to stay only long enough to buy food. But someone recognized the Prime

Minister. The inhabitants poured out of their houses, women in long *pagnes*, men in shorts and shirts. They gathered around him eagerly. The temptation to talk to them, his people, was too strong to resist. He told them of the situation in Leopoldville, assured them he would not desert them, and promised to continue to fight for their freedom.

His companions pressed him to leave, but people refused to let him go until he gently explained that he was still in danger. Then they followed him to the edge of town, waving and calling after him. But at least one of these citizens of Bulungu slipped away and telephoned the police in Leopoldville.

That night they traveled through deep forests along a road sheeted with mud. Once they were stopped by a barricade of soldiers, but when the soldiers recognized Lumumba they waved his party by.

Lumumba's convoy reached Mangai on the Kasai River (another Congo tributary) on the morning of November 30, the five-month anniversary of the signing of the independence declaration. While one of their cars was being repaired, Lumumba talked to the people, who gathered around him as they had at Bulungu. He spoke for several hours; the crowd swelled to huge proportions. But, as at Bulungu, there was someone who was ready to betray him. A telegram was sent to Leopoldville.

The secret flight was being transformed into a triumphal procession. Word spread ahead. From then on, the inhabitants of even the tiniest villages lined up to wait for them. After all the humiliations he had endured, it was no wonder Lumumba felt exultant. That day they crossed the border line between Leopoldville Province and northern Kasai. For the first time they felt almost safe.

In the town of Brabanta that evening, Lumumba found other fugitives—Pierre Mulele, his Minister of Education, and Rémy Mwamba, his Minister of Justice, who had

traveled with him and Kasavubu on their tours to pacify the Force Publique. Later, they all drove together to Port Francqui, a large commercial port on the Sankuru River.

Confident that they were in strong Lumumbist territory, they stopped at the army camp to ask for a fresh escort of soldiers. It happened that the Camp Commander was one of the Kasai Baluba who had been indoctrinated with the idea that Lumumba was an enemy. He ordered their arrest. Some UN Ghanaian troops stationed at this camp protected them and genially escorted them outside of town.

At Mweka, their next stop, they received a rousing welcome from the district commissioner, the town officials, and so many townspeople that Lumumba agreed to make another speech, against the advice of his companions. He also put through a call to the Provincial President of Luluabourg to let him know that they were on their way. Luluabourg was nearly half the distance to Stanleyville. If they could reach there, the worst of their long journey would be over.

This was about the time that Mobutu's soldiers arrested Joseph Okito, the fifty-year-old President of the Senate. He, too, was trying to reach Stanleyville, but had been stopped at Kikwit in Kwilu territory, through which Lumumba had passed two days before.

Lumumba was still in Mweka, surrounded by his admirers, when word came through that a contingent of soldiers from Port Francqui was heading in their direction. He knew that meant trouble, and his convoy took off quickly. To throw their pursuers off the track, instead of heading toward Luluabourg, which was to the southeast, they went due north to Lodi, a village on the Sankuru River. The road was the worst they had yet struck, and it was nearly eleven at night when they reached the river.

There was no bridge. Bridges are scarce in the Congo. As had happened before, the party was dependent on a ferry, and it and the ferrymen were on the opposite bank.

Lumumba called the ferrymen to come and get them. The ferry captain refused. He had his orders, he said. He was to allow no one to pass but Lumumba.

Lumumba told the ferrymen who he was, but they would not believe him. In his slacks and sport shirt, he looked very different than he did in the photographs they had seen. After a vain attempt to reason with them by shouts across the river, Lumumba found a pirogue and crossed over, leaving the rest of the convoy behind.

When the ferrymen saw his identity cards, they fell on their knees and begged forgiveness. Then they insisted on rousing their friends in the village, who streamed down to the water's edge to meet their country's liberator. He had to spend a precious half hour talking to them before he could impress on them how urgent it was to get his convoy across. It was the African way. Time had meant nothing to them before the coming of the Europeans. The Belgians had never been able to teach them the value of time.

On the other bank, the convoy waited restlessly. Suddenly, four or five soldiers drove up in an Opel automobile. Pauline ran off into the woods with little Roland, but when the child began to cry she went back. The soldiers were behaving peacefully and seemed only to want to talk.

There is a romantic story, printed and reprinted, that Lumumba saw the soldiers from the other bank and returned to give himself up to save his wife and child. The truth seems to be that he did not see them until he stepped ashore again. The night was dark and he had been busy explaining the meaning of independence to the ferrymen and their comrades. The soldiers' presence struck him with surprise.

"We have come to escort Monsieur Lumumba," the soldiers told the ferrymen.

Lumumba gathered that they were the men from Port Francqui, of whom he had been warned. He promptly called out to his companions to take to the woods. Several

of them, including Pierre Mulele, obeyed him. It was three o'clock in the morning.

"It isn't right for you to arrest me," Lumumba told the soldiers. "Remember, it was I who gave you the control of the Force Publique, which had been in the hands of the Europeans. If this earth drinks my blood, it will mean your own destruction."

The men wavered, although their chief ordered them to stop listening to Lumumba and do their job. But then a truck filled with more soldiers drove up, and Lumumba knew it was all over.

Though under arrest, he refused to let any soldiers ride in his car except his Kenge escort, now disarmed by the Port Francqui troops. The convoy was back in Mweka by six in the morning. Lumumba's chauffeur, following his employer's instructions, shot ahead to the UN camp of Ghanaian soldiers. According to the chauffeur, the Blue Berets were cooperative until a Ghanaian lieutenant appeared and said shortly that he had no orders to take Lumumba under his protection. The Port Francqui troops drove up at that moment. They dragged Lumumba out of the car, struck him with rifle butts, and led him off.

The Blue Berets, angry with their lieutenant, set the other prisoners free, along with Pauline, and little Roland.

MARTYRDOM

If I die tomorrow, it will be because a foreigner has armed a Congolese.

— LUMUMBA

Lumumba was taken back to Port Francqui. By all accounts, his tough soldier escort did not treat him gently. Major Gilbert Pongo, Victor Nendaka's Inspector of the Security Police, was waiting for him with a smile of triumph. Pongo sent a telegram to Nendaka that he would soon arrive at Ndjili with "the package." When Mobutu's College of Commissioners heard the news, they proposed that Pongo, "in view of his merits," should be advanced in rank.

The DC-3 Air Congo plane from Port Francqui landed at the Leopoldville airport at five in the afternoon of December 2. The press had been alerted, and journalists and photographers were there in full force. Lumumba, with Pongo in attendance, was brought from the plane. His hands were tied behind his back with a long rope. His glasses were missing. Without them, everything he saw was a blur. There was a bloody mark on his cheek. His face was serene, and he held himself erect and proudly. Pongo stood by, his gun leveled on the prisoner.

As photographers began to take pictures, one soldier seized Lumumba by the hair and jerked his head up to give the photographers a better view. Then he was prodded into a truck filled with more soldiers. They drove off, followed

by other armed trucks and the cars of the photographers, TV cameramen, and reporters. The long convoy headed for the newly built paratroop camp of Binza beyond Leopoldville, where Colonel Mobutu lived.

"Colonel Mobutu, his arms crossed, watched calmly while the soldiers slapped and pushed the prisoner and pulled his hair," wrote an Associated Press reporter.

Mobutu did not stay long. He apparently missed a scene that would shortly be viewed by millions of Americans on television. Lumumba, still bound, was seated in an open truck in front of a villa that had been turned into an improvised prison. A Congolese soldier read aloud a statement by Lumumba that he was still the head of the legitimate government of the Congo. Then he crumpled up the paper and tried to thrust it down Lumumba's throat. Lumumba's expression never changed.

With blows of rifle butts, he was pushed into the villa.

Journalists were still around the next morning when Lumumba was brought out for transfer to Camp Hardy at Thysville. His shirt was torn and bloody, his face showed traces of blows, and he had extreme difficulty climbing into the waiting truck.

UN representative Rajeshwar Dayal sent a protest to Justin Bomboko, President of the College of Commissioners, about Lumumba's arbitrary arrest and mistreatment, and demanded that he be treated with "justice, dignity, and humanity." Bomboko assured him that he would give the Congolese National Army strict orders to treat Monsieur Lumumba "in accord with his situation and with human dignity," and "conforming to the requirements of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights."

Unconvinced, Dayal forwarded a report to Hammarskjöld about the affair, quoting witnesses and giving all the facts then known.

On December 6, Colonel Mobutu called the press to-

gether. He spoke angrily about the newspaper accounts of the brutality of Lumumba's guards. "Never did they make him swallow a piece of paper," he said. "A soldier read one of Monsieur Lumumba's declarations, but then he tore it up and threw it to the wind. It is odious to say they made him eat it." But he admitted that the prisoner's ankles were swollen—possibly because of the cords that bound his legs together—and that one eye was blackened.

He also informed the press that the army was spending 1000 francs a day on Lumumba's care at Camp Hardy, that he had three "boys" to wait on him, slept in a good bed, and had regular medical attention.

Anicet Kashamura in his book *De Lumumba aux Colonels* told a different story. He reported that for the first three days of Lumumba's confinement at Camp Hardy, he was left in his cell with his hands tied behind his back and with nothing to eat or drink; when he asked for water he was given urine. UN soldiers at Camp Hardy also told Rajeshwar Dayal that Lumumba was left with his hands tied, that he was suffering from serious wounds, and that the conditions of his cell were inhuman in regard to "health and hygiene."

From New York, Dag Hammarskjöld wrote to Kasavubu, protesting the illegality of Lumumba's arrest, in violation of the principle of parliamentary immunity, known throughout the whole world as a means of protecting "not the private interests of individuals, but rather the very structure of parliamentary democracy."

Kasavubu responded that "in view of Lumumba's many crimes," he was astonished at the importance attached to his arrest by "a certain number of Afro-Asian and East European delegations."

In Belgium, on December 6, Moise Tshombe was received by King Baudouin in his château of Laeken. On this occasion it was reported, "The King thanked Monsieur Tshombe for his delicate attention and for the active

sympathy he has not ceased to show in respect to the Belgians residing in Katanga." That evening at a state dinner, Tshombe was presented with the Great Ribbon of the Order of the Crown, in accordance with the wishes of the King. All the high officials present applauded.

Under pressure from Rajeshwar Dayal, on December 27 the International Red Cross sent a Belgian doctor to visit Lumumba and the other political prisoners at Camp Hardy. (There were nine in all, including Maurice Mpolo, Joseph Okito, and Georges Grenfell.) The doctor's report was not made public. A friend inquired about it at the International Red Cross in Geneva. He was informed that he must apply to the Congolese Government for information, since they had requested the physician. The Congolese Government remained silent.

The only available account of the doctor's visit is in a letter dated January 4, 1961, which Lumumba smuggled out to Dayal:

I had the satisfaction of receiving last December 27 a visit from the Red Cross, who concerned himself with my fate, as with the other parliamentarians who are here in detention with me. I told him about the inhuman conditions in which we live.

Briefly, our situation is the following: . . . We have been shut in humid cells since December 2, 1960, and not once have they let us leave. The food they bring us (twice a day) is very bad; often during 3 or 4 days I eat nothing except a banana. I told this to the Red Cross doctor . . . in the presence of the Colonel of Thysville. I asked that they let me buy fruit with my own money . . . Although the doctor gave me authorization, the military authorities who guard me refuse, saying that they are following in this the order received from the Head of State, Colonel Mobutu. The doctor of Thysville prescribed a short walk each evening so that I would get out of the cell, but the Colonel and the district commissioner refused it. The clothes that I have worn for the last 35

days have never been washed. It is forbidden for me to wear shoes.

In short, we live in conditions altogether inadmissible and contrary to rules.

Nor have I received any news from my wife, and I don't know where she is. I should normally be allowed to see her, as this is prescribed by the Congolese penitentiary laws.

The penal procedure in force in the Congo allows expressly that the prisoner be brought before the judge of instruction not later than the day following his arrest; after a delay of five days, the prisoner must be again brought before the judge, who decides whether the state of preventative arrest should be prolonged or not. In any case, the prisoner should have his own lawyer . . . Since our arrest December 1st until now, we have not been brought before any judge of instruction . . . No order of arrest has been communicated to us . . .

Such is the situation, and I beg you to inform Monsieur Secretary General of the United Nations that we thank him for his intervention in my regard . . .

I remain calm, and I hope that the United Nations will help us to put an end to this situation. I am for the reconciliation between all the children of our country. I write you this letter clandestinely on wretched paper.

P. LUMUMBA

What had happened to Pauline Lumumba?

President Fulbert Youlou of the Brazzaville Republic of the Congo, wrote as follows in his book *J'Accuse La Chine* (I Accuse China):

On November 30, 1960, a woman in a *pagne*, accompanied by her two children, walked along an avenue shaded with mango trees in Brazzaville . . . Instinctively, she murmured a prayer, but unceasingly a phrase formed on her lips, the last she had heard from her husband: "Go see Youlou . . . he can save me. Go see the Abbé . . .

"Go see the Abbé . . . he alone can save me." It was not of the Russians, the Americans, or the Chinese that Patrice thought in the hour when he had lost everything . . . it was

of the representative of Congo-Brazzaville . . . The sobs of this woman moved me to tears. I had her taken to a dwelling in Poto-Poto with her children and made sure they were cared for.

The date was wrong. On November 30, Lumumba was not yet arrested. Never did Pauline Lumumba go to Brazzaville to see Fulbert Youlou, nor is there any evidence, aside from the Abbé's statement, that Lumumba ever made such a request of her. There seems to be a case of mistaken identity. Another Pauline, who knew Lumumba and was perhaps in love with him, approached Youlou to try to arrange his release.

Madame Lumumba did not leave Leopoldville. She hid out with friends in the African quarter, the ghettos of the city, moving from one place to another to escape discovery. An Associated Press photographer finally tracked her down. He took several photos of her, seated on the ground in front of a squalid dwelling, holding little Roland in her arms, her face distorted with anguish. Around her stood a horde of children, their eyes wide with sorrow and sympathy.

She would not see her husband again. The photographs were taken on January 18, the day after Lumumba's death. But she did receive a long and beautiful letter from him, written in the Camp Hardy prison, which we quote in full:

My dear companion,

I write you these words without knowing if they will reach you, when they will reach you, or if I will still be living when you read them. All during the length of my fight for the independence of my country, I have never doubted for a single instant the final triumph of the sacred cause to which my companions and myself have consecrated our lives. But what we wish for our country, its right to an honorable life, to a spotless dignity, to an independence without restrictions, Belgian colonialism and its Western allies—who have found direct and indirect support, deliberate and not deliberate,

among certain high officials of the United Nations, this organization in which we placed all our confidence when we called for their assistance—have not wished it.

They have corrupted certain of our fellow countrymen, they have contributed to distorting the truth and to besmirching our independence. What else might I say? That dead, living, free, or in prison on the order of the colonialists, it is not I who counts. It is the Congo, it is our poor people for whom independence has been transformed into a cage where we are regarded from the outside sometimes with benevolent compassion, sometimes with joy and pleasure. But my faith will stay unbreakable. I know and I feel to the depth of my being that sooner or later my people will get rid of all their interior and exterior enemies, that they will rise up like a single person to say no to a degrading and shameful colonialism and to reassume their dignity under a pure sun.

We are not alone. Africa, Asia, and free and liberated people from every corner of the world will always be found at the side of the Congolese. They will not abandon the fight until the day comes when there are no more colonizers and their mercenaries in our country. To my children whom I leave and whom perhaps I will see no more, I wish that they be told that the future of the Congo is beautiful and that it expects from them, as it expects from each Congolese, to accomplish the sacred task of reconstruction of our independence and our sovereignty; for without dignity there is no liberty, without justice there is no dignity, and without independence there are no free men.

No brutality, mistreatment, or torture has ever forced me to ask for grace, for I prefer to die with my head high, my faith steadfast, and my confidence profound in the destiny of my country, rather than to live in submission and scorn of sacred principles. History will one day have its say, but it will not be the history that Brussels, Paris, Washington, or the United Nations will teach, but that which they will teach in the countries emancipated from colonialism and its puppets. Africa will write its own history, and it will be, to the north and to the south of the Sahara, a history of glory and dignity.

Do not weep for me, my dear companion. I know that my country, which suffers so much, will know how to defend its independence and its liberty. Long live the Congo! Long live Africa!

PATRICE

JOURNEY TO DEATH

Invincible—like the hope of a people, like a prairie fire, like pollen in the wind, like roots in the blind earth.

—AIMÉ CÉSAIRE, in *Une Saison au Congo*

Never had a prisoner been such a problem to his captors. Patrice Lumumba was locked in a cell, bound hand and foot at least part of the time. His prison had scores of military guards. It was in the center of a military camp filled with soldiers. Every security precaution had been taken. Yet Kasavubu, Mobutu, Justin Bomboko, and the College of Commissioners seem to have fretted about him day and night, and not without some reason.

Throughout the Congo, masses of simple people were saying that prison walls could never hold Lumumba, that he was invulnerable to the bullets of his enemies. The intellectuals of Leopoldville were not superstitious and knew very well that Lumumba had no magic power to withstand bullets. What they feared was the undeniable magic of his eloquence.

How could they be sure that their prisoner was secure, if by a few words he could win his guards over to his side? How could they keep him from contaminating the entire camp with his talk about freedom, justice, and a better life for all the people of the Congo?

From the beginning, it was decided that his internment at Thysville should be temporary. The problem was where to send him. The government leaders discussed and debated

this among themselves, with their foreign advisers, with President Fulbert Youlou of Brazzaville, Congo. They tried to persuade the prison-camp commander in Boma to accept Lumumba, but he regretfully declined with a variety of excuses. Outside of the strongholds of Tshombe's Katanga and Kalonji's southern Kasai, there seemed no place in the vast Congo untouched by Lumumbism.

The government in Stanleyville, under Antoine Gizenga, was showing surprising strength. During Christmas week the Stanleyville army joined dissident National Congolese Army soldiers in Kivu Province and ousted and made prisoner the Provincial President, Miruho, who had more or less sided with Mobutu's regime in Leopoldville. Anicet Kashamura, still Kivu's favorite son, took Miruho's place.

A counterattack on Kivu on New Year's Day by troops sent up from Leopoldville under the command of Major Gilbert Pongo failed dismally. Pongo was made prisoner and taken to Stanleyville. In the Stanleyville paper, *Uhuru*, Christophe Gbenye, Lumumba's Minister of the Interior, wrote that Pongo's health was dependent on "the immediate liberation of our Prime Minister, Patrice Lumumba." Pongo himself sent message after message to Leopoldville, begging to be exchanged for the man he had so triumphantly captured. His pleas went unheeded. (In February 1961, he would be executed in Stanleyville.)

General Victor Lundula, who had joined the Stanleyville exiles after Kasavubu dismissed him, was now commanding troops in northern Katanga to help the beleaguered anti-Tshombe Baluba. Even in peaceful Équateur Province, Mobutu's homeland, there was great sympathy for the Stanleyville government.

Troubles plagued General Mobutu even in his stronghold of Leopoldville. Joseph Ileo, Kasavubu's appointed Prime Minister, had still failed to form a new government. The College of Commissioners continued to assume legislative powers despite Mobutu's promise to dissolve it. The United

Nations still recognized only Kasavubu as a legitimate Congolese official. The UN Technical Assistance Board had managed to keep vital services going, but was unable to stem the tide of unemployment.

The defeat in Kivu had a demoralizing effect on the Congolese National Army. On the night of January 12, 1961, a mutiny broke out at Camp Hardy, where Lumumba was incarcerated. Congolese soldiers attacked their own Congolese officers with the same fury that they had shown toward Belgian officers six months before. The situation was so grave that Kasavubu, Mobutu, Justin Bomboko and Victor Nendaka all rushed to Thysville to calm down the soldiers with a promise of more pay.

While the Leopoldville leaders were there, the prisoners rioted, breaking down doors and windows and demanding to have their grievances heard. Only Lumumba asked for nothing. In the midst of the bedlam, a soldier opened his cell and told him he was free to go. He suspected a trap and stayed where he was. It would have been much too easy for his captors to solve their Lumumba problem by shooting him "while trying to escape."

Inevitably, he was blamed for the mutiny. The decision was made to transfer him at once. The entire responsibility of this transfer was turned over to Victor Nendaka and his Security Police. Afterwards, both Mobutu and Kasavubu would claim that they did not know what arrangements the Security Police were making and were not even consulted about them. If this seems implausible, there is still no way of proving the contrary.

For the Security Police there were now only two choices: Lumumba must be sent either to Moise Tshombe in Elisabethville or to Albert Kalonji in Bakwanga, the capital of his secessionist southern Kasai. Sending a political prisoner to his worst enemies was an ingenious idea, and in fact had already been tried out. Several Lumumbists had been shipped to Bakwanga and were never heard of again. Secret

negotiations had been going on with the heads of these two secessionist states for some time.

Tshombe had professedly opposed the idea of having Lumumba in Katanga. This was not because of any concern about Lumumba, but for personal reasons. Although Tshombe had received many honors from King Baudouin, Belgium, no more than any other country, had not given formal recognition to Katanga as an independent nation. Tshombe desperately wanted such recognition, and he feared that if he were charged with deciding Lumumba's fate, the international repercussions would work against him.

Belgian advisers in Leopoldville favored Bakwanga. There were fewer Belgians in high posts in southern Kasai. Lumumba's transfer there would, in theory at least, be an internal matter. Bakwanga indeed was the first choice. The problem remained of how to persuade Lumumba to accept the transfer quietly and peacefully, so there would be no publicity.

On the morning of January 17, a delegate from the Security Police in civilian dress flew to Thysville in a small bush plane known as a Rapid Dragon. The delegate drove to Camp Hardy and was admitted at once into Lumumba's cell.

He confided to the prisoner that the government in Leopoldville had been overthrown. Kasavubu, Mobutu, Bomboko, and Joseph Ileo were all in prison, he said. People were begging for Lumumba to return and form a new government. It would be his privilege to escort Lumumba to Leopoldville so he could resume his duties as Prime Minister.

Ever since his revocation, Lumumba had held fast to the belief that this would happen. He saw no reason to doubt his visitor. Nor did the fact that the man had been admitted so readily, without any clamor from the guards, arouse his suspicions. Certainly his joy that the nightmare was over

and that he could once more serve his people, dulled his usual caution.

Maurice Mpolo and Joseph Okito were also released and allowed to leave with him. It is thought that this was done at Lumumba's request, that he wanted to share with his friends the glory of the triumphal return. They all drove to the Thysville airport and took off in the Rapid Dragon. Instead of bringing them to Leopoldville, the plane made an hour's flight to Moanda on the coast. It was there that the three prisoners learned how completely they had been duped.

A commercial DC-4 plane with a European crew was waiting for them. So were two members of the College of Commissioners, Ferdinand Kazadi and Jonas Mukamba, along with three Congolese soldiers. All five belonged to the Baluba tribe and were from the Kasai. Victor Nendaka had selected them carefully, knowing that in all the Congo the Kasai Baluba were the least likely to have any sympathy for Lumumba and his companions. Furthermore, Ferdinand Kazadi had a personal grudge. Lumumbist soldiers had captured him at Luluabourg the previous August, and he had been poorly treated in prison. He credited Mobutu with arranging his release. As for Jonas Mukamba, Lumumba had known him at the Round Table Conference, where Mukamba had been a student observer. They had been friends then.

The Congolese soldiers tied the prisoners' hands behind their backs and forced them aboard the DC-4 while the two young Commissioners looked on. At the last moment, Kazadi and Mukamba directed the pilot, a Belgian named Paul Bauwens, to fly them to Elisabethville. The pilot was taken by surprise; he had been told his destination was Bakwanga. Mukamba later claimed that the last-minute change was made "for humanitarian reasons." Actually, he had just learned that UN troops were occupying the Bakwanga airport, and he was afraid they would interfere.

The plane took off at 11 A.M. As soon as it was in the air, the ropes on the prisoners were replaced with handcuffs. From then on, for the length of the flight, all three were tortured without respite. Each in turn was made to kneel in the passageway, while the soldiers kicked them and struck them with rifle butts. One soldier kicked Lumumba with all his force in the abdomen while Lumumba was seated. Copilot Jack Dixon, a South African who had served with Mobutu, gave further shocking details of the torture in an article which appeared in the Durban, South Africa, *Sunday Tribune*.

The soldiers rushed back and forth so excitedly that the stability of the aircraft was threatened. Pilot Bauwens tried to calm them down. "Do you intend to kill the prisoners on board the plane?" he asked Kazadi.

"They will be alive when we land," Kazadi said.

The crew was appalled by what they saw, and the radio-man vomited. Eventually, not very courageously, they retired to the cockpit and closed the door.

Even during the worst of the beatings Lumumba kept talking. Speech was the only weapon he had. He said that he had not organized the military action in the Kasai in August 1960, that he was in the United States at the time and had left the national defense in the hands of Colonel Mobutu. He said that he, Lumumba, had done all he could to stop the massacres when they were reported to him. All this was true. His oratory was effective enough so that Jonas Mukamba had a difficult time resisting it. "He called me, 'Jonas, my brother,'" Mukamba told investigators later.

It is said that when Moise Tshombe learned of the "three packages" being delivered to him, he had a tantrum of rage. In contrast, Godefroid Munongo, Tshombe's strong-arm Minister of the Interior, was not at all unhappy. Now at last he would have a chance to execute his often-repeated prophecy, "One day it will be Lumumba's skin or mine."

Munongo was at the control tower when the airplane approached, as he had been when Lumumba and Kasavubu had tried to land the day after Katanga's secession. This time he did not try to prevent a landing. At 4:45 P.M. exactly, the DC-4 descended on the part of the airfield reserved for Katangese military transport, which was not under UN surveillance.

Dag Hammarskjöld had finally persuaded Tshombe to allow a few UN Swedish contingents to stay in Katanga, but they were not popular, and relations were tense. There were some Swedish Blue Berets on the airfield. A solid barrier of Katangese police with Belgian officers prevented them from getting close to the DC-4, but they did see the passengers.

The first to get off was a well-dressed African. He was followed by three more Africans, all blindfolded and with their hands tied behind their backs. One of them was tall, had a small beard, and was wearing a white shirt without a tie. He was bleeding, and his face was badly swollen. The crew did not appear, which was unusual.

One of the Swedish soldiers later said that the prisoners walked down the steps from the plane; another recalled that they were thrown to the ground. Someone cried out, "They shall not defile Katanga soil!" All the witnesses agreed that the Katangese police beat the prisoners repeatedly. Finally, they were shoved or dragged several yards to a waiting jeep and tossed into it. Several police jumped in on top of them. One of the prisoners uttered a piercing cry. It was not Lumumba; the witnesses were sure on this point. He did not utter a sound, giving proof of his courage.

Followed by a motorized escort, the jeep headed to the far end of the airfield, turned through an opening in the barbed-wire fence, and started down a dirt road hedged with the tall grasses and scraggly trees of the bleak savanna country.

According to official press communiqués from the Katanga

Government, Lumumba and his two companions were then taken to a model prison farm, where they were given medical treatment and excellent care. Foreign correspondents besieged the Katanga leaders vainly for permission to visit this model farm. In the next days apprehension spread all over the world that something was wrong.

On February 9, the new President of the United States, John F. Kennedy, recommended that Lumumba be liberated and again integrated into the central government. His recommendation marked a change of American policy toward the whole Congo situation.

Godefroid Munongo called a press conference on February 10 to make a startling announcement. The three prisoners had escaped, he said. Photographs were distributed showing a large hole in a stucco wall, which the weakened captives had supposedly made with their bare hands. After this feat, according to Munongo, they had overpowered and bound two sentinels, taken their guns, and stolen a Ford which had been left near the prison farm, conveniently unlocked and filled with gas. The story was so preposterous that the journalists did not even pretend to believe it.

Four days later Munongo summoned the press again. "I have asked you to come here to announce the death of Lumumba and his accomplices Okito and Mpolo." The previous evening, he continued, they had been massacred by the inhabitants of a small village. Munongo claimed that he had been to the village with a doctor and several of his ministers, and that they had established beyond doubt the identity of the corpses. He did not name the village, saying that he was afraid Lumumbists might take revenge on the inhabitants. Nor did he say where the men were buried, on the grounds that the place might become a spot of pilgrimage.

"I am going to speak to you frankly and harshly, as is my custom," he concluded. "People are going to accuse me of having assassinated them. I respond: Prove it."

The world was as skeptical of this second communiqué as of the previous one. The United Nations voted an immediate and impartial investigation "to ascertain the circumstances of the death of Mr. Lumumba and his colleagues," and to make sure that "the perpetrators of these crimes be punished." Journalists, writers, and other interested persons conducted private inquiries.

The testimony gathered from all these sources was often contradictory. Some witnesses refused to talk. Others, for personal or political reasons, gave obviously perjured testimony. Moise Tshombe, a jaunty prevaricator, invented story after story to befuddle the press, and seemed not in the least disturbed by their inconsistencies. Out of the mass of evidence, much of the truth has emerged.

The prisoners were not taken to a model prison farm. They were murdered on January 17, the night of their arrival in Katanga.

It was first thought that the murders took place outdoors on the savanna. Stronger evidence indicates that the three men were brought to a bungalow on a side road off the airport highway, not far from Elisabethville. In addition to their police guard, some Belgian officers were present, and several of Tshombe's ministers, who were drunk. Munongo was certainly there, but it is doubtful if Tshombe was.

Still bound and bleeding from multiple wounds, the captives were again beaten while insults were hurled at them.

"Do you still think you are invulnerable?" Munongo taunted Lumumba.

Lumumba somehow raised himself up and faced him. "I would rather be in my skin than in yours," he said contemptuously. Then he lashed out at Munongo with all his old fire and fury until police guards jumped on him with more blows to silence him.

The enraged Munongo drove his bayonet very slowly into the prisoner's side. A Belgian officer, repelled at the long torture, pressed a revolver against Lumumba's temple and

fired. Shortly afterwards, Maurice Mpolo and Joseph Okito were also released from further suffering.

One witness claimed that Lumumba begged for mercy at the last moment. Among the white people in high Katanga circles, who had no reason to favor Lumumba, it was generally agreed that this was not so, that he died as bravely and he had lived.

The reverberations of the triple murder swept the world. There were demonstrations in Paris, Moscow, London, New York City, Washington, D.C., and other world capitals. In Cairo, the Belgian Embassy was sacked and set on fire. Protests flooded the United Nations, and an angry crowd invaded the sanctity of the Security Council meeting hall. In Lagos, Nigeria, a pro-Western country, there was a demonstration at the United States Embassy, and Europeans were attacked on the street. The general feeling in Africa was that the United Nations, the European powers, and America all shared in the crime.

A writer for the Nigerian *African Pilot* blamed only humanity.

Like the Christ of old, you came to your people, but your people knew you not. You redeemed them from slavery, but they turned round to betray you. On a platter of gold did you bring Independence to them, but they turned to make you a victim of Independence. You sought unity for your Congo, but they chose to sacrifice you on the altar of chaos.

Throughout the Congo, news of Lumumba's death had a stupefying effect. There were no demonstrations in Stanleyville, but the streets were empty and the markets were closed. In small rural villages, people still say that since no one saw Lumumba dead, he has joined the great spirits who pass each evening with the clouds.

In all the new nations of Africa, hospitals, streets, and schools were named after Lumumba. Monuments were built

to him. His story inspired poets of Africa and of African ancestry. Special commemorative stamps were issued in his honor. There is a Lumumba factory in the Soviet Union and a Lumumba sugar center in Cuba.

It is impossible to estimate the number of African mothers who named their new babies "Lumumba," certain this would give their offspring some special courage which ordinary mortals lack. In free African nations and in those still struggling for their freedom, his name has become a symbol of liberty.

AFTER LUMUMBA

The swimmer who has not reached the other bank should not mock at the one who has drowned.

—*Congolese proverb*

The first year of the Congo's independence was described in a Leopoldville paper as, "One year of misery, 12 months of misfortune, 52 weeks of fratricidal wars, 365 days of anarchy."

In the months following Lumumba's death the Mobutu government ruthlessly persecuted the Lumumbists, or those suspected of sympathy with Lumumba. The more fortunate ones were merely imprisoned. Others were sent to Bakwanga and certain assassination. Some escaped to Stanleyville; others sought exile in foreign countries.

Under pressure from the UN and from world opinion, Belgium agreed to withdraw Belgian troops and military advisers from Katanga. It made little difference. Many Belgians stayed on to join Moise Tshombe's growing army of white mercenaries. These mercenaries were adventurers lured by the high pay and bonuses which Tshombe offered. Their ranks included French Foreign Legionnaires, former German Nazis, Cuban exiles, South Africans, Rhodesians, Americans, and Englishmen.

Dag Hammarskjöld, once he was convinced that the Katanga secession was not merely an internal matter, worked for the integration of that province with the Congo Government until his death. This was on September 15, 1961,

when he perished in a plane crash on his way to Rhodesia to make one final effort to reason with Tshombe. Not until January 1963, did Tshombe yield his claims to an independent Katanga. By then, 125 Blue Berets had been killed in action, along with unrecorded thousands of Katangese rebels and civilians. Records gathered later showed that Belgium's assurance to the United Nations that Tshombe had kept Katanga safe for European residents was based on an illusion. More white people had been killed in that province—outside the heavily guarded cities—than in all the rest of the Congo.

In August 1961, President Kasavubu appointed Cyrille Adoula as Prime Minister to replace Joseph Ileo, who never was able to form a government. Adoula persuaded the Stanleyville government-in-exile to join him and appointed Antoine Gizenga as Deputy Prime Minister, the post Gizenga had held under Lumumba. Gizenga accepted with reluctance and continued to speak out bluntly. In 1962, he was arrested and sentenced to two terrible years of imprisonment on a tiny island in the Lower Congo, an ordeal from which he has never recovered.

Adoula resigned in June 1964, after the last UN troops had left the Congo. Kasavubu appointed Moise Tshombe as Prime Minister to replace him. This appointment, which horrified other African states, was made, allegedly, because it would keep Tshombe from attempting another Katanga secession.

Tshombe's rule lasted fourteen months and was marked by an increase of corruption, wide discontent, and the spreading of an insurrection which began under Adoula. The insurrection was led by Pierre Mulele and Christophe Gbenye, respectively Minister of Education and Minister of the Interior in Lumumba's government, and Gaston Soumaliot, another Lumumbist. It won large popular support, especially in the Kwilu district of Leopoldville Province, in Kivu Province, and in Stanleyville, where the rebels

set up a Popular Government of the Congo. These rebels were very young, an average age of twenty. In the complex international political scene they were applauded by the Soviet Union and China, while Western nations were in the uncomfortable position of backing Tshombe.

To deal with the insurrection, Tshombe summoned back his mercenaries, offering them the usual large salaries and benefits. They made a four-week march toward Stanleyville from Katanga, strafing and burning villages on the way. "Sometimes we killed in a frenzy," one mercenary wrote later, "Sometimes we killed coldly . . . We all seemed to be turned into wild, rampaging animals." A former French Foreign Legionnaire described their role even more succinctly: "People don't like us. We get good pay for killing women and children."

The untold numbers of Congolese killed by the mercenaries were virtually ignored by the Western press, who dwelt on the harassment of white Congo residents by the rebels. This harassment was very real, though, with possibly one exception, none were killed until, on November 24, 1964, Belgian troops parachuted from U.S. aircraft on a "rescue mission." In the furor which resulted, thirty white hostages, one of them an American doctor, were shot by their guards. At the time, the Organization of African Unity (OAU)—the association of African nations—was acting as intermediary between Christophe Gbenye and the Congo Government in an effort to arrive at a peaceful settlement. Members of the OAU vehemently denounced the Belgian-American "rescue mission" as interference with African affairs, and as a cause of unnecessary bloodshed.

Joseph Mobutu made his second military coup a year later. He dismissed President Kasavubu and his new Prime Minister, Evariste Kimba, and first reduced Parliament to impotency, then disbanded it. "The Army has decided: no more politicians," he told the press. "None. That is clear.

And if a politician tries to hold a meeting, we will send him to a military tribunal. He will receive five years of prison."

Kimba, never a Lumumbist, commented sadly, "Each time that a Congolese really tries to work in the interest of his country, the enemies of the Democratic Republic of the Congo accuse him of being a Communist."

In May 1966, Evariste Kimba and three other former ministers were accused of plotting to overthrow Mobutu's government and after a ten-minute trial were publicly hanged in Leopoldville. Their execution was made the occasion for a public holiday, which caused a feeling of revulsion against the Government.

At about the same time, the ancient African names of important Congo cities were restored. Leopoldville, named after Leopold II, became Kinshasa. Stanleyville became Kinsangani. Elisabethville in Katanga, so widely known as the "Queen of Copper," became Lubumbashi. Coquilhatville on the Equator, named after the Belgian Lieutenant Coquilhat, who had manned the first station there for Leopold II, became Mbandaka.

The uneasy peace erupted again in July 1966, with an uprising in Kinsangani of unpaid Katanga police and foreign mercenaries under the Belgian Colonel Jean Schramme. The former Stanleyville once more became a battleground. Mobutu's soldiers drove the mercenaries back to Kivu Province, where for months they remained in a state of siege in the picturesque mountain town of Bukavu, a favorite pleasure resort of the former colonists. The last of the mercenaries fled over into neighboring Rwanda late in 1967. They still gather in bars and nightclubs in South Africa, London, and elsewhere to boast of their exploits. But their dream of the return of their hero, Moise Tshombe, will never be realized.

After his fall from power, Tshombe went into exile in Spain, where he lived in extreme luxury in a beautiful villa. In the Congo, General Mobutu ordered a military trial

which condemned him to death for treason *in absentia*. In 1967, Tshombe was kidnaped in a private airplane under mysterious circumstances and delivered to Algeria. Mobutu demanded his extradition so that the death sentence could be carried out, but the Algerian Government denied his request. Madame Tshombe came to New York to seek United Nations intervention to save her husband's life. He was held in an Algerian prison until his death on June 29, 1969, reportedly of a heart attack.

One of the major boulevards in Kinshasa (Leopoldville) was renamed Boulevard Patrice Lumumba. General Mobutu dedicated a monument to Lumumba and announced that the house where he was murdered would be a place of pilgrimage. "I have nothing against him," he said of the Congo's first Prime Minister. "What effrontery!" commented the Belgian lawyer Jules Chomé.

Pierre Mulele went into hiding for the years following the insurrection of 1964, which he had helped to lead. The Congo Government offered a huge bounty for information as to his whereabouts, but no one betrayed him. Eventually, Mulele took refuge in Brazzaville, Congo, where Abbé Fulbert Youlou had been overthrown by the more nationalist and militant regime of Alphonse Massamba-Débat.

Foreign Minister Justin Bomboko went to see Mulele in Brazzaville and promised him amnesty in the name of the Government if he would return. With this assurance, Mulele crossed the river to Kinshasa on September 29, 1968. He was promptly arrested, refused permission to call a lawyer, and executed following a secret and speedy trial. This summary act evoked outrage everywhere.

"There are moral rules and international justice applicable in all latitudes, even in the tropics," wrote the Belgian paper *Le Soir*. "Those who ignore them, holding that the end justifies the means, must not be astonished if they provoke in international public opinion a wave of reproaches and reprobation."

With the assassination of Pierre Mulele, the voices of the Lumumbists were silenced in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Freedom of the press was curtailed. A young girl of Mbandaka, asked how her people felt about Patrice Lumumba, replied, "It is forbidden for young people to write on politics, or they will be severely punished." In spite of the United Nations' investigation into the murders of Lumumba, Mpolo, and Okito, the "perpetrators of these crimes" were not brought to trial. Several of them, including Ferdinand Kazadi, Jonas Mukamba, and Victor Nendaka, were rewarded with high posts.

After President Kasavubu was "dismissed" by Mobutu, he moved to Boma, in the Lower Congo, with his wife and six children, where he lived comfortably in retirement until his death on March 24, 1969.

The Congo is still a land of incredible beauty. The Congo River still flows for 2700 miles through the tall grasses of the savanna, the deep forests of the equatorial belt, and the barren Crystal Mountains near the coast. Wild animals still roam the less populated areas. The soil is as fertile as ever.

The population has increased to seventeen million. Congolese run OTRACO, the big shipping company. They manage their factories, their banks, their shops, their post and telegraph offices, their industries, their hotels. There are Congolese machinists, technicians, and a growing number of Congolese doctors, engineers, and lawyers.

What can one say about the Congo today? It is a land where true democracy is missing, where people dare not speak out, where there is poverty, misery, unemployment. It is a land where the great natural wealth is still siphoned off to foreigners, with only a handful of Congolese collecting a share of the profits. There is still a breakdown in law and order. There is bitterness, there is disillusion, but there is also a sense of pride because the Congo is an

independent country now and no man need feel inferior because of the color of his skin.

People do not dwell on their sufferings, because there is no point to it. They welcome kinsmen and tribal brothers into their homes as they have always done. They are courteous and hospitable to white residents and visitors, for whom the Congo remains a land of enchantment.

People still rejoice at the birth of a baby. Everywhere in the Congo, one is aware of the children. They are bright, eager, curious, and full of suppressed laughter. Or they are grave, with that strange wisdom of their secret child's world.

Patrice Lumumba would mourn if he could see how far his people are from the dreams he had for them, but he would not despair. He would know that in a country where there are so many bright, eager, curious, grave and wise children, there is always hope for the future. He would feel confident that these children will one day succeed where he and his companions had tried and failed, and that, as he had prophesied in his great Independence Day speech, the Congo would become "the center of the sun's radiance," ruled "not by the peace of guns and bayonets but by a peace of the heart and the will."

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(The author regrets that so much of the reliable source material about Patrice Lumumba and the Congo's struggle for independence has as yet been published only in French and thus is unavailable to readers who do not know that language. It is hoped that eventually some of the titles listed above will be published in an English edition.)

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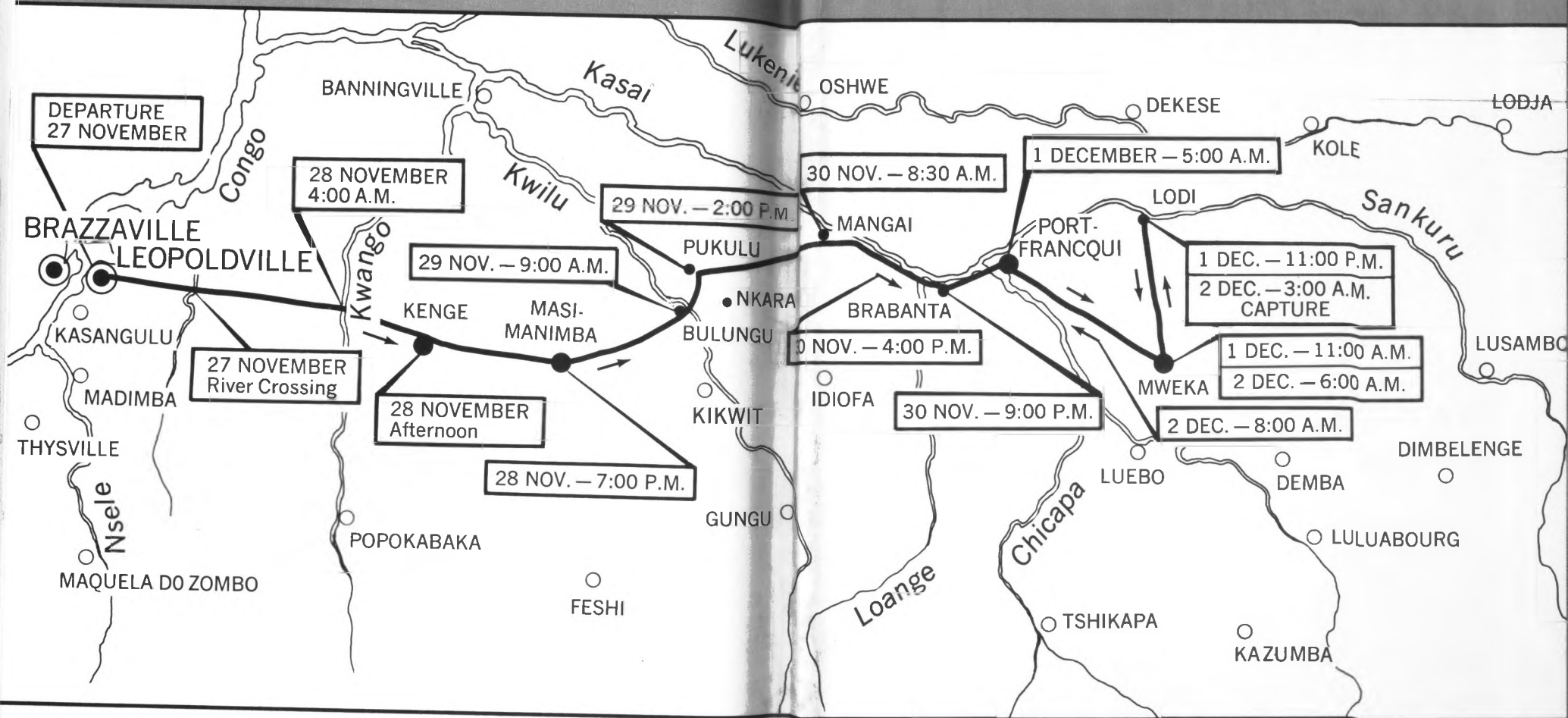
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